Saturday Review

August 14, 1965 25¢

THE WORLDS OF ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

By John Mason Brown

John Mason Brown (see page 16)

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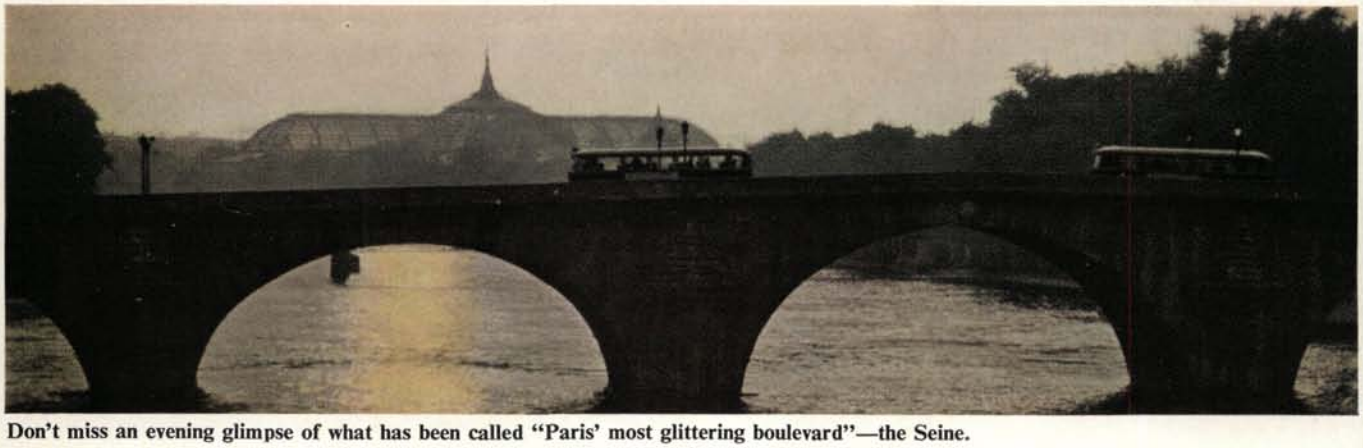

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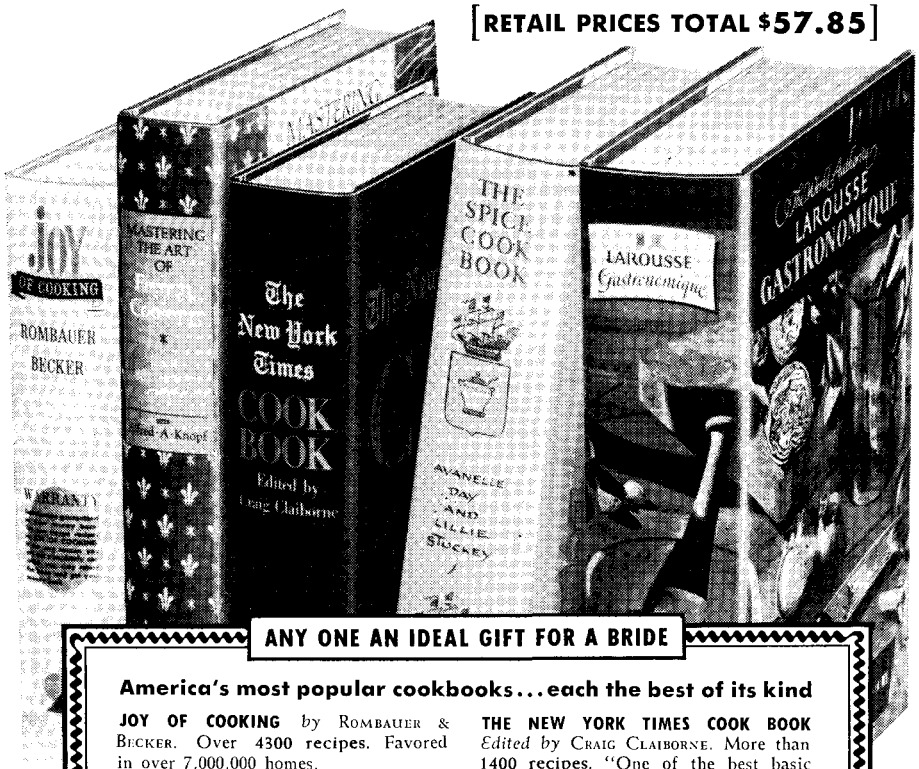

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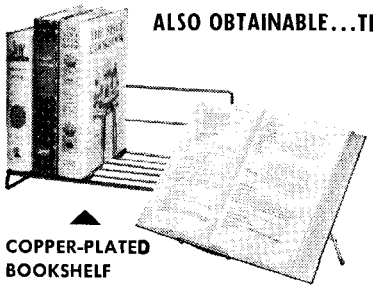

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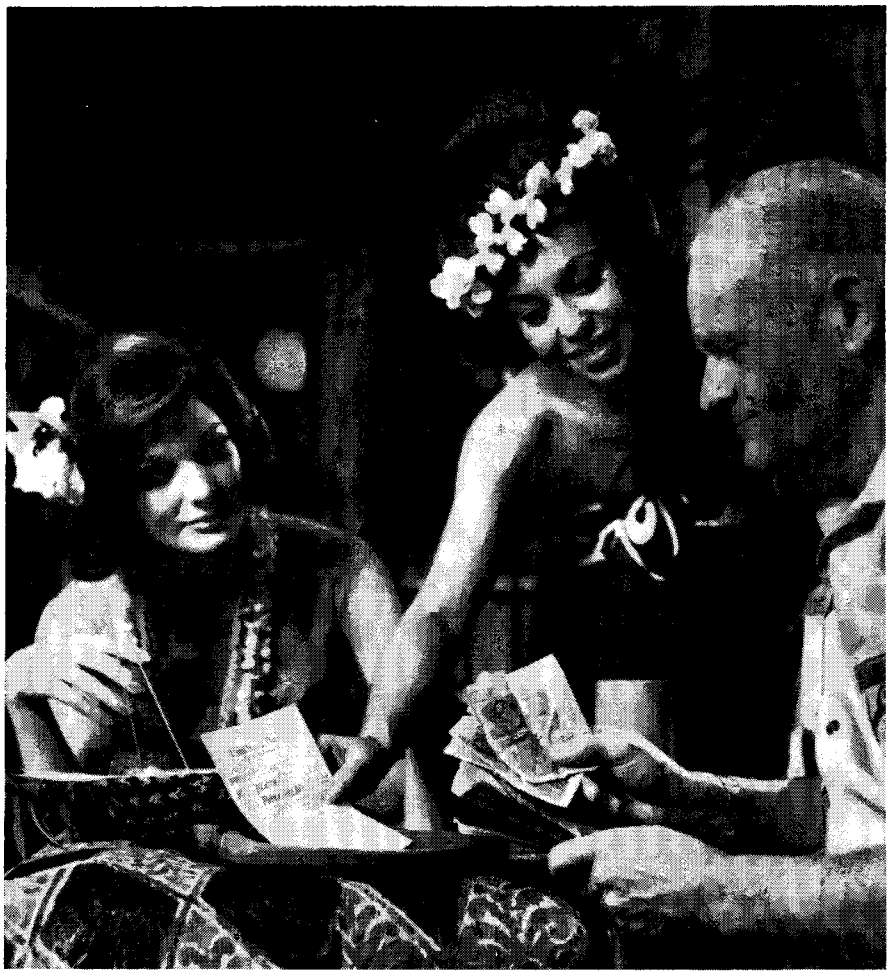
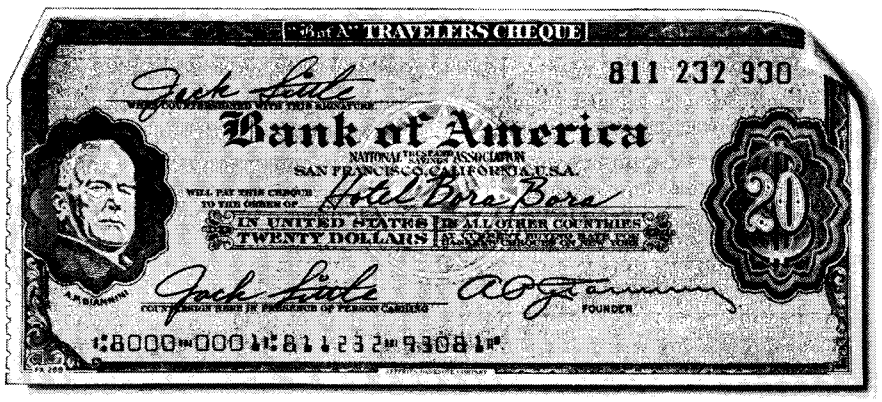


The franc is local currency in Tahiti.

So is this.



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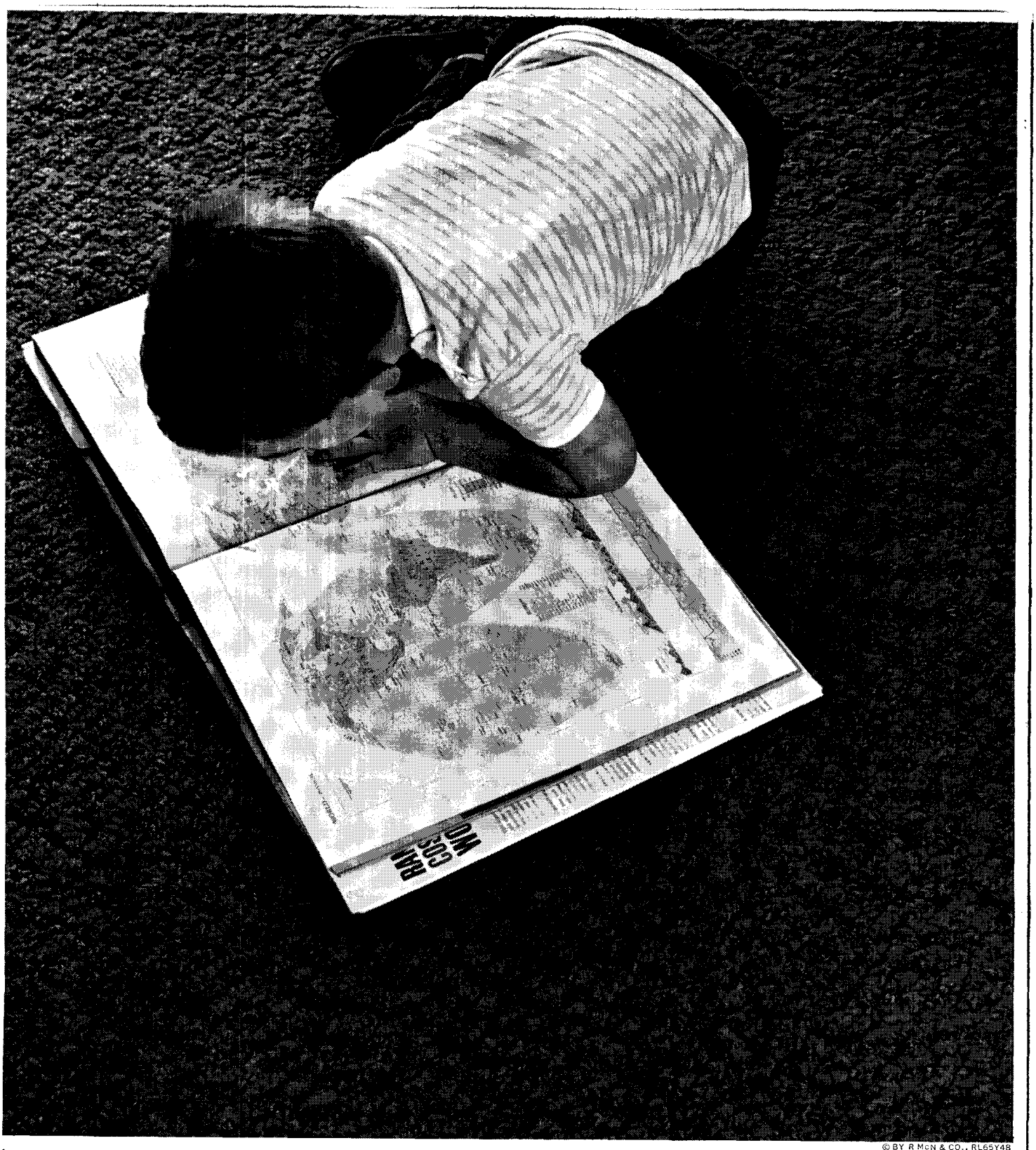

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'London Bridge...how far is that?"

Someday he may know within inches.

Because right now, two ITT-built U.S. Army satellites are measuring the exact size and shape of Earth, mapping precise locations of continents, islands and landmarks, and the distances between them.

Aboard another satellite, NASA's Nimbus, an ITT-developed infrared "camera" system photographed cloud patterns worldwide at night. Its performance, according to project scientists, was the greatest single technical success of Nimbus. Applications of this technique are foreseen for weather analysis and forecasting.

NASA's second OGO satellite (Orbiting Geophysical Observatory) is scheduled soon for launch. It will carry ITT electrical power converters, and an ITT photoelectric camera to take spectroanalytic photographs in three colors of a mysterious light known as the Gegenschein Phenomenon.

These space projects promise a new dimension of knowledge that will touch the lives of men everywhere.

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Edited by Martin Levin

Dialogue With the Present

August 17, 1964

Dear Madam:

Our records show an outstanding balance of $2.98 on your account. If you have already remitted this amount, kindly disregard this notice.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD. PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

August 19, 1964

Gentlemen:

I do *not* have an outstanding balance. I attached a note with my payment advising you that I had been billed *twice* for the same amount: once under my first name, middle initial and last name; and then under my two first initials and my last name. (The former is correct.) Please check your records.

September 17, 1964

Dear Madam:

Our records show a delinquent balance of $2.98 on your account. Please remit $3.40. This includes a handling charge.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD. PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

September 19, 1964

Dear Machine:

You're not paying attention! I am NOT delinquent in any amount. I do *not* owe this money. I was billed TWICE for the same purchase. PLEASE look into this.

October 17, 1964

Dear Madam:

Our records show you to be delinquent for three months. Please remit the new charges plus $4.10. (This includes a handling charge.) May we have your immediate attention in this matter.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD. PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

October 19, 1964

Dear Machine:

MY attention! You want MY attention! Listen here, YOU ARE WRONG!!! I DON'T owe you $4.10. *CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?* I also DON'T owe you the new charges of $13.46. You billed ME for my MOTHER'S purchase. Please correct this statement AT ONCE!

R U There?

November 17, 1964

Dear Madam:

Our records now show you to be delinquent for four months in the total amount of $17.56 plus $1.87 handling charges. Please remit in full in ten days or your account will be turned over to our Auditing Department for collection.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD. PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

November 19, 1964

Dear Human Machine Programmer—

Dear ANYONE human:

WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE COMPUTER LONG ENOUGH TO READ THIS? I DON'T OWE YOU THIS MONEY!!! I DON'T OWE YOU *ANY* MONEY. *NONE.*

December 17, 1964

Dear Madam:

Is there some question about your statement? Our records show no payments on your account since August. Please call DI 7-9601 and ask for Miss Gilbert at your earliest convenience.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD. PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

DECEMBER 18, 1964

. . . *Deck the halls with boughs of holly* . . . "Good afternoon. Carver's hopes you enjoyed its recorded program of carols. May I help you?"

"Hello. Yes . . . My bill is . . . should I wait for a 'beep' before I talk?"

"About your bill?"

"Yes. Yes, it's my bill. There's . . .

"One moment, please. I'll connect you with Adjustments!"

Good afternoon and Merry Christmas. This is a recorded message. All our lines are in service now. If you will please be patient, one of our adjusters will be with you just as soon as a line is free. Meanwhile, Carver's hopes you will enjoy its program of Christmas carols. . . . Deck the halls with . . .

December 26, 1964

Dear Machine:

I tried to call you on December 18. Also the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, the 23rd, and the 24th. But all I got was a recorded message and those Christmas Carols. Please, oh, please! Won't you turn me over to a human? *Any* human?

January 17, 1965

Dear Madam:

Our Credit Department has turned your delinquent account over to us for

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3-horned giant captures 4 boys.

There's nothing like a dinosaur to capture the imagination of a youngster.

Here you see *Triceratops*, one of the nine life-sized dinosaurs in Sinclair Dinoland at the New York World's Fair. Among them is 70-foot *Brontosaurus*, Sinclair's famous trademark . . . lived a hundred million years ago when Nature was mellowing the petroleum that Sinclair now refines into the best gasolines and oils.

Youngsters, especially, are thrilled by this fascinating re-creation of prehistoric times. We hope Dinoland will inspire them to learn more about the earth's strange past.

Over 5 million Fairgoers visited Dinoland last year. Sinclair invites you to come see it this summer. For a more pleasant trip, we'll be happy to plan your route through interesting sections of the country. For example, the *Dixieland Trail* covers five southern states, takes you over 6000-foot peaks to secluded ocean beaches, historic forts, battlegrounds, elegant ante-bellum homes and many other landmarks of the old South.

This Sinclair service is free. Write Sinclair Tour Bureau, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Tell us the areas you want to visit in U.S., Canada, or Mexico.

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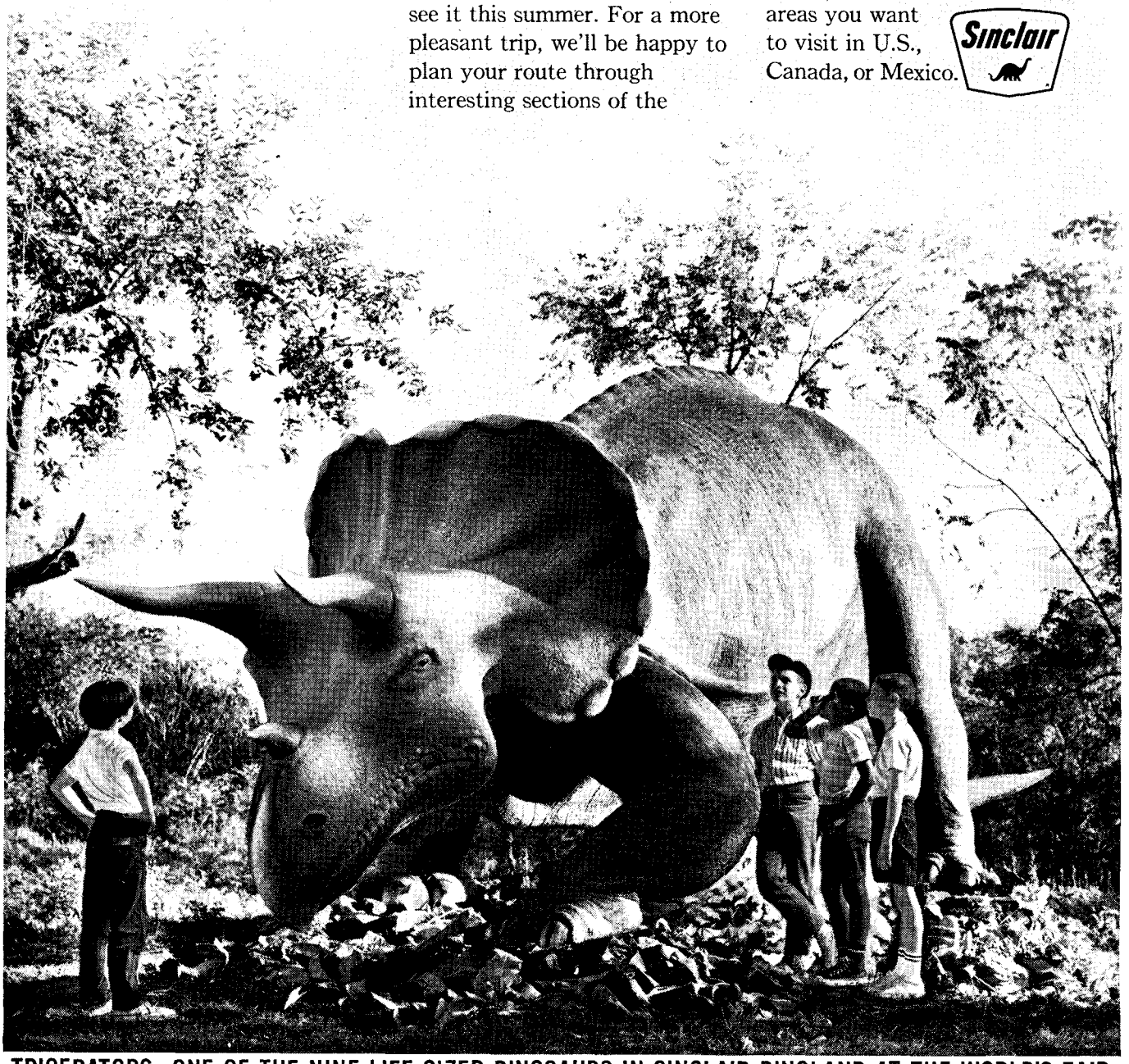

TRICERATOPS—ONE OF THE NINE LIFE-SIZED DINOSAURS IN SINCLAIR DINOLAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

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collection. Won't you please remit this amount now? We wish to cooperate with you in every way possible, but this is considerably past due. May we have your check at this time.

Very truly yours,
HENRY J. HOOPER, Auditor

January 19, 1965

Dear Mr. Hooper:

You DOLL! You gorgeous HUMAN doll! I refer you to letters I sent to your department, dated the 19th of September, October, November, December, which should clarify the fact that I owe you nothing.

February 17, 1965

Dear Madam:

According to our microfilm records, our billing was in error. Your account is clear; you have no balance. We hope there will be no further inconvenience to you. Though this was our fault, you can help us if, in the future, you will always include your account number when ordering by mail or phone.

Very truly yours,
HENRY J. HOOPER, Auditor

February 19, 1965

Dear Mr. Hooper:

Thank you! Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!

March 17, 1965

Dear Madam:

Our records show you to be delinquent in the amount of $2.98, erroneously posted last August to a non-existent account. May we have your remittance at this time?

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD. PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

March 19, 1965

Dear Machine:

I give up. You win. Here's a check for $2.98. Enjoy yourself.

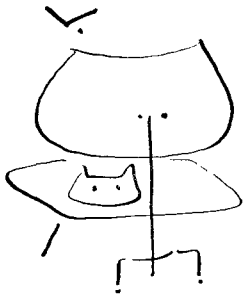
April 17, 1965

Dear Madam:

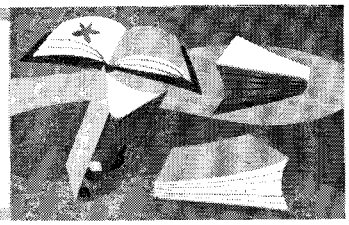
Our records show an overpayment on your part of $2.98. We are crediting this amount to your account.

THIS IS A BUSINESS MACHINE CARD. PLEASE DO NOT SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

—CONSTANCE L. MELARO.



Trade Winds



Just when is the right time to write your autobiography? Louis Untermeyer did the story of his life, *From Another World,* when he was fifty. Now, thirty years later, he is not satisfied with it, because a lot has happened to him since and also because the book wasn't exactly on the level in some instances. "It was premature and evasive," he says.

So he has written a second autobiography, *Bygones,* to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World on Untermeyer's eightieth birthday, October 1. In this one he submits to a candid world facts about such matters as his failure to be graduated from high school, about his romances, including his four marriages, about his experiences with such eminent people as Frost, Eliot, Lewis, Sandburg, Pound, and Amy Lowell. Untermeyer started life in the jewelry business, but switched early enough so that by now he has written or edited about ninety books of prose and poetry. He has also collected a lot of honorary

degrees, including one from DeWitt Clinton High School in New York, where he flunked because he couldn't cope with geometry. Thirty years from now Untermeyer will have to bring us all up to date once more. By then *Bygones* will seem premature and evasive to him.

Theodore M. Bernstein's *The Careful Writer* (Atheneum) is his latest book on the subject of the written word. It contains 2,000 alphabetized entries on language. I've already used it to win a bet about Ye Old Coffee Shoppe. *Ye* is merely an old way of spelling *the,* not of saying it. It is pronounced The Old Coffee Shop.

Many of us scribblers suffer from what Bernstein calls *synonymomania,* the compulsion to avoid using the same word twice. The affliction besets sports writers in particular, as this line from one news story indicates: "Sugar Ray flattened Bobo in twelve rounds in 1950, outpointed him in fifteen sessions in 1952, and knocked him out in two heats last December 9."

As assistant managing editor of The *New York Times,* it's up to Ted Bernstein to see that boo-boos don't occur

in that paper such as the one that took place in 1901 when President McKinley was shot by an assassin. Reporters and editors had finished with the story and, when it seemed that McKinley had rallied and was safe for the night, went home. But a bulletin came in to the effect that the President was going fast. Only a copy boy was in the news room to receive it. He called the traditional "Stop the presses!" and then hastily wrote a paragraph and headline. The *Times* headline appeared the next morning and became a classic: "Mr. McKinley Has Sinking Spell."

Athletes ought to be served a bit of grog every day to relax them, says Dr. Morris E. Chafetz in his book, *Liquor: The Servant of Man* (Little, Brown). "All day long," he writes, "the athlete in training must drive himself under physically and emotionally tense conditions. Then comes the evening meal, a little relaxation and an early bedtime. Why not some wine with the evening meal, or a highball before retiring? The relaxation and appetite stimulation that liquor can supply would be invaluable."

The author points out that the Russians, who have done well in the Olympics, always have cases of wine available for their athletes. Dr. Chafetz is assistant clinical professor in psychiatry on the Faculty of Medicine at Harvard. He has made a special study of alcohol, and his book is an informative and objective report on it. At the risk of oversimplifying its message, just let me state that apparently alcohol does not directly cause any known damage to the body and, in fact, it is in some cases good for you. It will be interesting news to many of us, and if the United States can follow the good doctor's advice, perhaps in the next

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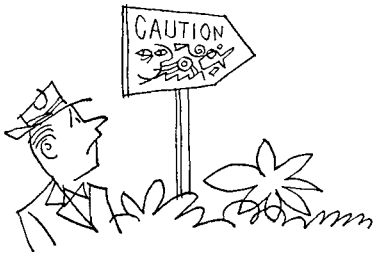
Olympics our gin rummy team will win three gold medals.

I am certainly pleased to have a copy of *The Victorian Book of Dreams* (Stephen Greene), for I am ready now to interpret my nocturnal reveries. But so far I haven't dreamed any of the dreams mentioned in the book. For instance, to dream of sitting on the back of a whale is a good sign, meaning I will become a great person and live in peace for many years. Every day all day since I got the book I have been thinking about whales, but at night my mind is whaleless. To dream of eating mushrooms means something of an unpleasant nature is about to happen. I've avoided that subject, as I have avoided dreaming that my legs are "scabby and itchy," which the books says "signifies fruitless perplexity and care." Just possessing the book has caused me fruitless perplexity and care and I am putting it away right now.

Sharps and Flats: They are adding a wing to the San Diego, California, Fine



Arts Gallery. A sign at the construction site warns: "Danger, Bad Area, Keep Out."

► *Nature and Science* magazine reports that geologists call all ponds temporary, because they last only a few thousand years. That's what's known as perspective.

► Josh Billings said: "As scarce as truth is, the supply has always been greater than the demand."

► The Federal Aviation Agency has called especial attention to the fact that it is a breach of regulations to jump from an airplane without a parachute.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1635)

Gerald Durrell:
MENAGERIE MANOR

Any nurse who thinks her lot is a hard one, handling human beings, should try her hand at a bit of wild-animal nursing. What you hope for (and never, or hardly ever, receive) is a little co-operation in taking medicines, keeping on bandages, and so forth.

"He who makes two blades of grass grow in place of one renders a service..."
Voltaire

One of the contributions of chemical research today is making things grow.

Sometimes figuratively, as when a chemical innovation brings an entirely new business enterprise into being.

Sometimes literally, as when a potent new chemical fertilizer helps meet the need of an exploding population for increased soil productivity.

Indeed, our chemical research effort itself is a kind of farm, where creative people cultivate ideas that grow a more abundant life for us all.

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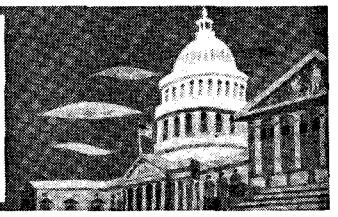
State of Affairs



Behind the Scenes in Vietnam

ASIA, not surprisingly, is so preoccupied with the growing ferocity of the war in Vietnam that it has overlooked or at least paid no attention to some basic changes in the political perspectives that have occurred under President Johnson. Some he implied or expressed at his press conference on July 28. He said that, for the first time in its history, the United States was not fighting to win, but to achieve the kind of stalemate that would convince the enemy its objectives cannot be attained by force of arms, and thus to lead them to the conference table.

In itself that is quite a moderate, limited, and sophisticated approach to war —a modified position from that taken earlier this year. He said that the United States, now that the Soviet Union has been attacking it over Vietnam in various meetings of United Nations' agencies, is ready to have the organization deal with the Vietnamese war not only by private initiative but also by public action, which is again a modification. He also said that the United States is now willing to discuss the conditions the North Vietnamese proposed for a settlement sometime ago—together of course with whatever proposals the United States would put on the table. All this is an indication that American policymakers are less convinced that they can succeed in containing Asian Communism along a clearly defined line in Southeast Asia, but, rather, that a less "hard" and clear-cut solution may have to be sought.

At the bottom of these changes, however paradoxical, is something of an ideological breakthrough in the de-emphasis on ideology. A clear hint of this was contained in the toast President Johnson was to have offered at a luncheon for the Japanese cabinet ministers on July 14. Because at the time the President was eulogizing Adlai Stevenson he himself never delivered the toast; instead it was released as a formal document by the White House. The two key paragraphs are as follows:

> I believe we should strive to persuade all countries in the area [Southeast Asia], especially those which are now committed to encouraging or supporting aggressive wars of national liberation, that their own patriotic self-interests would be better served by participating with others in peaceful economic development.
>
> The basic conflict of our times is not over economic ideas or between economic systems. We do not believe any one peoples—or any one nation—stands as the sole possessor of all the truth. We do believe, however, that men and nations must have the right to develop their own systems and their own societies without fear of neighbors and without a return to the dangers and perils of the past.

There is no allusion here to ideology being a barrier. There is, on the other hand, an implicit desire to defuse the ideological dispute, and the appeal for broad economic cooperation is not made to the exclusion of Communist China. It is, in short, something of a new American economic and political agnosticism in this area.

Moreover, at the heart of the President's earlier proposal for an Asian Development Bank there was another suggestion that has caused raised eyebrows in Congress: that the Soviet Union join as a donor country and that a seat on the board be kept vacant for the government of North Vietnam.

The Asian Development Bank, the one billion dollars which the President has pledged for economic development in Southeast Asia, and the idea of the Mekong River project are useful as far as they go. The Asian Development Bank, in fact, holds a good deal of promise. It is now being promoted by Eugene Black, who would not lend his name for political reasons; and the Japanese Government is showing such an interest in it that it favors a Japanese to head it. An American-European consortium of private banks is also interested in par-

(*Continued on page 62*)

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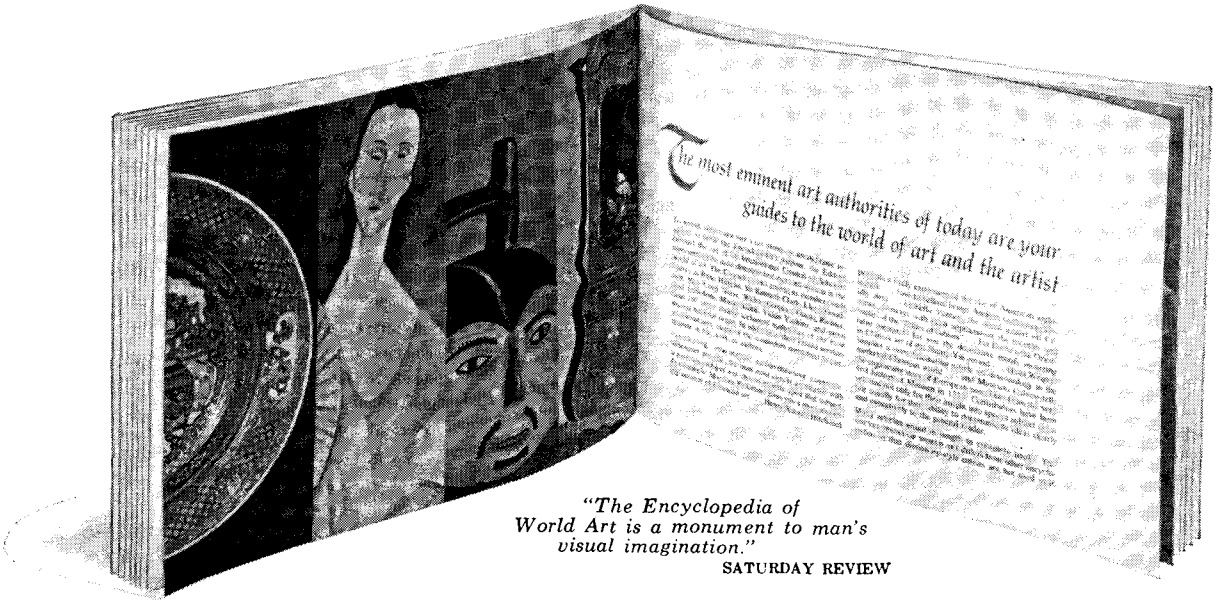

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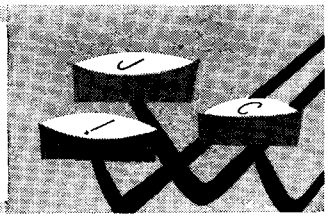
Manner of Speaking



On Innocence: Sooner or later the prophets of darkness will all turn out to be right, the world will perish of its own iniquities, and no sane man will be surprised to find the holocaust at hand. What may rather surprise the dispassionate observer is the amount of bland innocence the human race will carry with it to the end.

I do not, I confess, foresee the final promised battle between the forces of good and evil. The vision that comes to me is of the Armageddon of the Wolf, though he will run not in packs but in committees, and he will race to his final ravening only after he has approached it one prudent step at a time in the name of high principle. He will not be many, nor will the wolf committee approaching him from the other side of that deliberate field be many, but a few will be enough. And the lambs will be there, of course: to be slaughtered in such numbers that their bodies will cover the corpses of the wicked as snowdrifts cover the small arms dropped on a field of battle.

Or if, in the mathematics of man, the forces of evil are set down as a large number, they are only a large number, as the forces of reason are a small one, while the ignorance of innocence is as an infinity above the hosts of the merely plural.

Nor do I mean to quarrel much with any infinity. I accept the universe, and to borrow a sweet thought from my late great friend, John Holmes, I accept Margaret Fuller accepting it, and not Carlyle. The one trouble I have with any infinity is that all of its fractions are still an infinity, and that given time enough, this world's innocence will write infinite letters in testimony to infinite ignorance.

Not all of those letters (in mercy's name!) will, to be sure, be addressed to me. Yet we are back to the mathematics of fractional infinity, wherein any subdivision is infinity enough, especially when it consists of letters most of which should not have been written in the first place, though in the infinity of ego (to which we are all subscribers) their writers are always firm in demanding an answer.

Do I think Mrs. J. B. Rant's grandson's poems (sample enclosed) written despite the fact that he is only 9 (or 11, or 14, or 17, as the case may be) merit publication? Or, rather, do I not think they merit publication?

No, Mrs. Rant, I do not. Let me say, for politeness that I thank you for letting me see them. The fact is I would rather not have seen them. I have monsters of my own who pose as children of mine, and I have learned as a first principle to encourage them in nothing. Sooner go swimming in the Niagara just above the Falls and encourage the river to flow. The best I can hope for is to live through to the time when they have a few civil repressions built into their systems. Meanwhile, the downstream tug is upon us all and any man is well advised to save his energies for hard swimming.

Do I agree with Anonymous that Dante was a great writer? Yes, indeed. And I am indebted to Anonymous for a bit of that phrasing of which only the infinite innocence is capable. She (I am guessing by the handwriting and may be wrong) writes:

> I studied the *Divine Comedy* for two months this year and thought I knew quite a lot. After reading your article, I knew nothing. It is a splendid article.

And for splendid reasons, m'am. Thank you.

Or another Anonymous tells me he has written me many letters and that I have never used them. But, sir, (I am guessing again) how can I tell? Please let me know how you signed them, and above all let me know at once if you fail to receive this request.

What do I think of Robert G. T.'s charge that my readers have been perpetrated by my egocentricity? A straight hard question and one that deserves a straight hard answer. I think, sir, that your inferences have been escalating upward what my implications meant to escalate only downward. Perpetration-wise, that is. In principle I mean to insist that the reader's not for perpetration.

Don Foss, of Seattle, Washington, on the other hand, has survived bland innocence and himself become an innocence-watcher, sub-category of sneaky-calculation-being-perpetrated-in-the-name-of. He passes on to me (and I thank him) the following bleat from this world's sheepfolds, and who can fail to spot the wolf under the lamb skin?

> Dear Member:
>
> Have you been away? Have you neglected to read your mail? We are certain there must be a good explanation for your ignoring our reminder of the open balance in your account.
>
> Although you may think our subscribers are merely IBM cards to us—they are not. We feel a personal bond with our members. They are literate, voluble, have a sense of humor, and we want to keep them. We are most reluctant to hold back shipment because of non-payment.
>
> Please send us your check.

And since Mr. Foss does not tell me, I am left to dream: how could one possibly sign such a letter. "In tenderest love?" Or "In utter passion?" Both seem to overdo a bit. Perhaps just, "In sweet innocence (and please remit)." And how loving, loving, loving, loving a world it is, till Wolf Day!

Yet will I not snarl with the wolf nor hunger for lamb's blood. And though I am not yet so won to love that I keep candy kisses on my desk, let me at least practice a decent evasion. If only the lambs could be taught that minimum deceit whereby virtue may win to its own paltry rewards without ending in the guts of the wolf! I see I shall have to learn to preach a merciful chicanery, the hoaxes of charity, the flim-flams of hope.

And so, in my new dispensation, to a lamb who signs herself Bettie-Lu F., of New Orleans, and who wants to know who is the best poet now writing. In the hope of the choirs of heaven, let me double-deal her a hoary old academic story. She will probably not understand it, but if there is a single lamb who may be led by it to deceit rather than to slaughter, the telling is justified.

Just before the Battle of Marathon, Bettie-Lu, the Athenian generals met in council to elect a commander-in-chief. When the ballots were counted, it turned out that each man had voted for himself. All but one, however, had voted for Miltiades (q.v.) as second best.

And—while all the Omega committees are still in civil session and no final button has yet been pressed to summarize the lambs of this world—now, Bettie-Lu and all white-fleeced souls—next question? —JOHN CIARDI.

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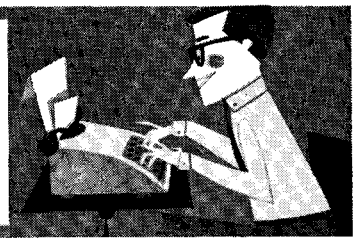
Top of My Head



Situation Comedy

IT ALL SOUNDED innocuous and a little too glib when Mayor Wagner and his attractive bride-to-be, Barbara Cavanagh, announced in a happy joint statement that they would not set up housekeeping in Gracie Mansion. Being a fan of TV's situation comedies I imagine the dialogue may have gone something like this:

"OK, Barbara, then if we get married on July 26th that'll give us August, September, October, November, and December—five months in Gracie Mansion before my term is ended."

"Wait a minute—who's moving into Gracie Mansion?"

"You and I. I'm the mayor and I live in Gracie Mansion. You go where your husband goes."

"Hold it Buster—Bob—where did you get the idea we're going to live in Gracie Mansion?"

"Well I just took it for granted."

"Oh, that's cozy. Already you're taking me for granted."

"Oh no, dear, I mean it's Gracie Mansion—it's expected we live there. And it's five months rent free. You can't get a better rent concession than that. Ask my housing commissioner."

"Your housing commissioner doesn't have to put up new drapes and then tear them down after five months."

"But what's the price of a set of drapes compared to the money we save on five months free rent?"

"You're a fine one to start talking about saving money. Where were you when the budget came around?"

"Now let's not get personal, Barbara. And besides you won't have to worry about fixing up Gracie Mansion. I'll get a decorator to do anything you want in the house plus landscaping."

"Yeh? Who you gonna get, Bob Moses? And have him build a bridge across our living room? No thanks."

"It's not only the money we save. Because I'm not exactly slow with a buck. I spend pretty good."

"Yes, so I've heard."

"Where do you think that engagement ring came from? You don't think I found that in a crackerjack box, do you?"

"I meant to ask you about that. Where *did* you find it?"

"Very funny. Look, honey, living in Gracie Mansion is tradition. I had a poll taken where we should live. Eighty-two per cent said Gracie Mansion. You know we have to go along with the consensus."

"That's not the consensus in my beauty shop."

"I'm not interested in what the girls in your beauty shop said! What do they know about politics?"

"Hold the phone—just a minute. Do you think of our marriage as part of those wild campaigns you're putting on to beat that handsome John Lindsay?

"Well I don't know about that. Handsome is as handsome does. That's no beauty contest. It's disgraceful the way Lindsay is running around every weekend on those beaches with his shirttail hanging out."

"It's better than your Screvane spending his weekends eating all those messy hot dogs and knishes and pizzas and—"

"Just a minute—we're talking about Gracie Mansion."

"So am I. I don't like it. I have a lovely place picked out where we're going to live near Gracie Mansion."

"Where's that?"

"It's a half mile just outside Albany."

"I don't want to live outside Albany!"

"Well, Bob, don't you think moving right into Albany would be a little pushy? Let's take it easy."

"This is ridiculous. Look, darling—"

"Or maybe you'd prefer Washington. I saw a beautiful little home there. Just a short trip to the capitol. It's an ideal spot. The kitchen needs a little fixing up. I'll get a cabinet maker."

"You're talking like a cabinet maker! Look, we're adults. Let's try for a compromise. I don't want to call in Arthur Goldberg to negotiate."

"OK, we'll compromise. If you want to live in Gracie Mansion, you live there. I'll move into the place I've picked out and wait for you."

"You must be kidding! Do you realize what The *Times* would say about that?"

"Darling, I'm interested in *our* times.

"Well OK, I give up. You're tougher to deal with than Mike Quill. But you're so much prettier. You win."

"Oh thank you, dear. You won't change your mind now like you did on the city sales tax."

"I said OK."

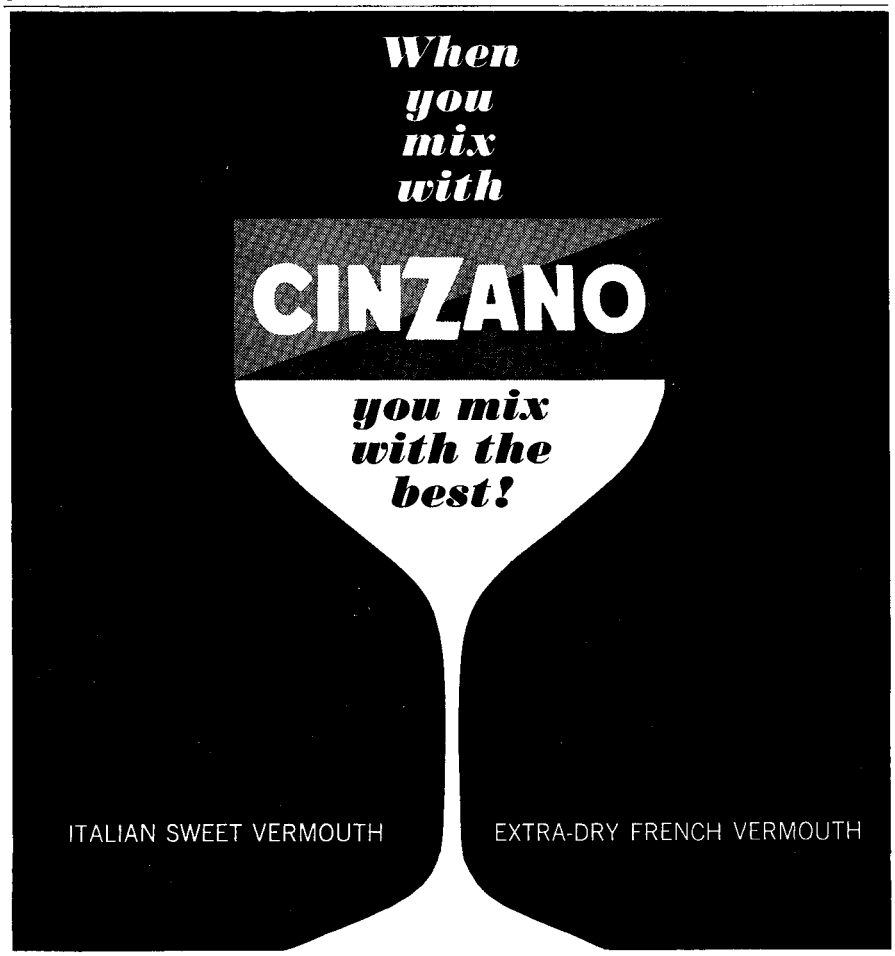
"OK what? Say it."

"Say what?"

"You know what."

"Oh all right—Goodnight Gracie!"

—GOODMAN ACE.



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Saturday Review
August 14, 1965

The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood

ONE OF the most important new books this fall will be the first volume of John Mason Brown's biography of Robert E. Sherwood, four-time Pulitzer-Prize winning playwright, aide to Franklin D. Roosevelt, author of *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, and an almost mythical American hero when he died a decade ago. Few playwrights have captured the public imagination of his day as strongly as did Robert E. Sherwood, and few writers are better qualified to tell the story of Sherwood's life than John Mason Brown, a distinguished critic and author who has devoted the past nine years to his biography of Sherwood, of which *The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood: Mirror to His Times, 1896-1939* is the first volume. Publication date has been set for September 14 by Harper & Row. Through special arrangement with the publisher and Mr. Brown, *SR* is privileged to present the following preview of the book, together with brief excerpts. A second volume, *On a Larger Stage*, is now in preparation. Mr. Brown was drama critic of *Saturday Review* from 1944 to 1955 and at present is an *SR* editor-at-large. The excerpts below are from *The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood*, Harper & Row, publishers © 1965 by John Mason Brown.

By JOHN MASON BROWN

YOU CEASE living your own life when you start writing someone else's. You want to. You have to. But neither your having to nor wanting to is the true cause for the change that occurs. Without your being aware of it, you are no longer alone within yourself. Your mind and heart have a new tenant. Once he has moved in, you find that he requires more and more space, space which you are delighted to let him have. His every concern becomes yours, as does everything that concerns him. Day and night he is in the background of your thoughts even when he is not, as he most often is, in the foreground of your thinking. I have lived happily with this knowledge for the past nine years, during which, in spite of unavoidable interruptions, I have been living with the life of Robert Emmet Sherwood.

I confess I did not realize how far the subway was to carry me beyond the stop at which I got off when, one September morning in 1956, I went down to Wall Street to take my first glance at Sherwood's letters and papers stored at the United States Trust Company of New York. I made the trip at the suggestion of Harper's Cass Canfield and with the permission of Sherwood's widow, Madeline, and of John Wharton, the lawyer for his estate.

Cass Canfield had in mind a collection of Sherwood's correspondence and wondered if I would be interested in editing it and writing a commentary. To help me, he had asked Marguerite Hoyle, an able editor of his (who, incidentally, had worked on Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins*), to go through the files and extract a sampling from the thirty thousand items with which they bulged.

I had planned to spend a few days going over this material before deciding. Almost at once, however, as I dipped into Sherwood's letters to and from Woollcott, the Lunts, Edna Ferber, the Garson Kanins, Geoffrey Kerr, Samuel Goldwyn, S. N. Behrman, and Maxwell Anderson, or William Allen White, Elmer Davis, Felix Frankfurter, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Averell Harriman, Adlai Stevenson, Truman, and Eisenhower (to mention only a few), I knew I was the captive of what was before me. Within hours I was taxiing uptown to Harper's to admit this to Cass Canfield.

Soon thereafter Sherwood's files began to arrive, one by one, at my apartment and to rise like a cluster of green office buildings in my already hopelessly overcrowded study. The new tenant had moved in, although I could not then guess, welcome as he was, the length of his stay or the extent to which he would take over.

As the weeks and months slipped by and I dug deeper into the files, the more certain I became of one thing. I did not want to stop with editing the letters. There was too much else that tempted me. Those files soon ceased for me to be repositories of crumbling clippings, fading photographs, thousands of old letters, the drafts of speeches long since delivered, and manuscripts abandoned or completed. Increasingly I came to realize that very much alive in them was an exceptional man who had touched his times in many ways.

The whole man was not in the files. But the search for as much of the whole Sherwood as I could track down, understand, and assemble from these fragments of his thinking and living became for me an absorption that quickly swelled into an obsession. The more I knew about Sherwood the more I wanted to know. The files had pushed me into the unanticipated role of biographer. Shaw once described a dramatic critic as a man who leaves no turn unstoned. A biographer is different. He cannot live with himself if he leaves one pebble unexamined or unweighed, and he is haunted by the fear that another pebble will come to light after he has combed the beach.

FEW of our contemporaries have lived so many lives with such abundance as Sherwood. Few have so reflected the changing decades with their changing issues, interests, and climates as this skyscraper of a man, mournful of face, gay at heart, slow in talk, fluent with pen, and serious of purpose, who could seem solitary even in company. Bob Sherwood, though he had close friends and an army of distant close friends, was a man easy to admire and hard to know. Many who loved and admired him and knew him long and intimately have told me this. Their experience, I admit, was mine. I did not know him as a friend until the war years in London, when he was Overseas Director of the OWI and I a transient in the Navy. I had known about him, of course, since his *Barnum Was Right* was produced by the Hasty Pudding in 1920 when I was a freshman at Harvard, and had followed his work since, in the Twenties, I read his movie reviews in *Life*. From 1927 and *The Road to Rome* on, I had reviewed all

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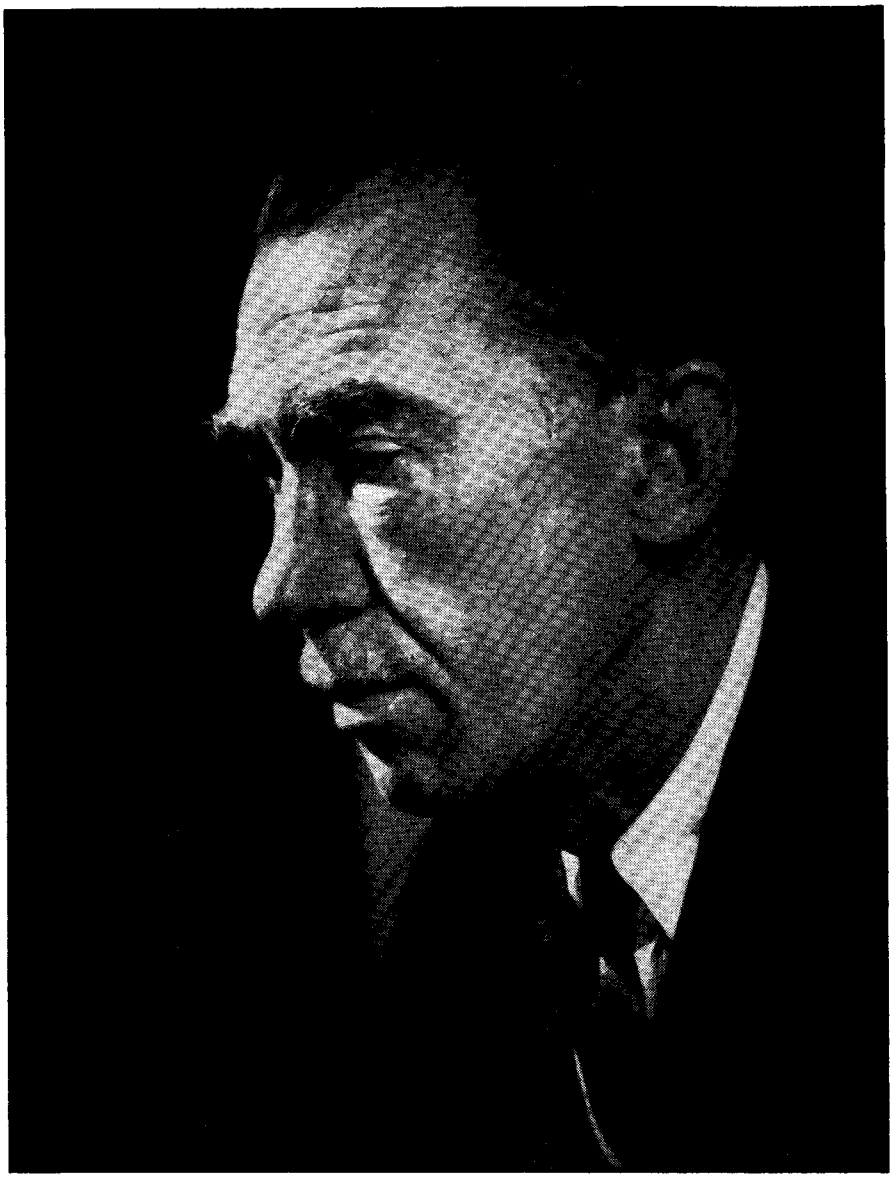
his plays that were done professionally in New York, damning some, praising others.

We had corresponded about a few of these, and had our emphatic disagreements in print. We had met two or three times stiffly and self-consciously, because a dramatist and a critic are apt to have a Montague and Capulet relationship. It took a war to bring about an armistice between us. Even when I saw him in London and much more intimately thereafter in New York, and had come to love him, I cannot say that I knew him. I mean really knew him on the easy terms that we know most friends.

Naturally, I know him much better now, this long-time tenant of my interest. Biography is by obligation an invasion of privacy. This is its privilege and its point. Bob Sherwood's papers have given me insights into him that I could never have hoped to gain when he was alive, and a chance to know him at closer range than I do friends whom I think and feel I know best. They have also given me insights into people and events which I had observed from the outside. He was only four years older than I; hence his times were mine. The difference was that, though we shared many interests, he had lived through the altering decades importantly as a participant, often near or at the center of many worlds which I had followed from the sidelines.

When Sherwood died, he was not only a playwright who had written about Lincoln but a person who in the public mind had wrapped around his shoulders a portion of Abe Lincoln's shawl. He was an individual who had become a myth, a personage in addition to a dramatist, a literary figure who had emerged as a delegate-at-large for the American conscience. Like the rest of us, he was not one man but many men. He, however, was a bigger man than most and his contradictions therefore seem the larger and are the more interesting. "History," Garson Kanin once wrote him lovingly, "will surely remember you as a soldier, author, monstrosity, playwright, lover, songwriter, wit." This was before he had turned biographer with *Roosevelt and Hopkins*.

Bob Sherwood in Illinois: Why Abe Lincoln? Had Sherwood been a small man, he said he might, instead, have written a play about Napoleon. But Lincoln was a tall man outside and a giant within, and Sherwood a taller man who was growing inside year by year. This inner growth readied him for *Abe*—this plus the fact that, with the challenges to freedom multiplying throughout the world, Lincoln moved into the present with a new timeliness as "a man of peace who had had to face the issue of appeasement or war."



—*Karsh (Ottawa).*

Robert E. Sherwood—"Few worldlings have been so unworldly."

We say much about ourselves in our choice of heroes. They are the mirrors not only of what we would like to be but a reflection in part of what we are. From his youth Lincoln had occupied a special place among Sherwood's idols. He saw Lincoln then and for many years thereafter through the usual fog of reverence, saw him as the myth, not the man, as a statue that had somehow been alive. No other hero in our history reached so deep into Sherwood's heart as this figure of sadness, suffering, homely humor, and compassion. There was a kinship between them of temperament and beliefs, of bafflement and courage, and loneliness and eloquence.

For some fifteen years Sherwood had talked vaguely of writing a play about Lincoln's early life. *The Prairie Years* (1926), which he reread again and again during the next decade, eventually strengthened his determination to do so ("Can't open this wonderful book without feeling a rush of emotion to the imagination"). Sandburg gave him an understanding he had not had before of the intricacies and contradictions of Lincoln's character and served as an invaluable guide to "the main sources of Lincoln lore."

This copious lore cracked for him the marble of Lincoln as a public statue, thereby permitting the man to emerge, flesh, blood, and fallibility, and all the greater for being human. Sherwood came to see, and state conqueringly in his episodic drama, the importance of Lincoln's frailties to his virtues. More and more he realized that, however heretical any admission of Lincoln's faults might seem, these faults were a part of his size. As he put it, the doubts and fears that tormented Lincoln "could not have occurred to a lesser man" and his ultimate triumph over them was "in many ways the supreme achievement of his life."

In the winter of 1936 Sherwood began to write a play on Lincoln. At a Child's

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Restaurant on 48th Street he wrote the prayer for the recovery of a sick boy (really a prayer for America) which Lincoln speaks in the seventh scene. But he could get no further. His play had not formed in his mind nor his Lincoln come into focus. He needed more time in which to brood and plan and absorb. And greater and more intimate knowledge, too. Accordingly, led by Sandburg, he went to work in earnest.

Earnest in his case meant furious application. Never a decent student at school or college, Sherwood was always a painstaking researcher when, as a writer, he dealt with history. Before taking the license to which he was entitled as a dramatist, he had to know the facts from which he was departing. He had no desire in his notes to set himself up as a "learned biographer." But he was learned about Lincoln, drawn to his knowledge not only by the instinctive understanding he felt for him but by his theory of what a play about Lincoln should be. No one was more aware than Sherwood that "the playwright's chief stock in trade is feelings, not facts." A dramatist, he believed, was "at best an interpreter, with a certain facility for translating all that he has heard in a manner sufficiently dramatic to attract a crowd." He felt, however, that in a play about the development of Lincoln's character a strict regard for the plain truth was both obligatory and desirable. "His life as he lived it was a work of art, forming a veritable allegory of the growth of the democratic spirit, with its humble origins, its inward struggles, its seemingly timid policy of 'live and let live' and 'mind your own business,' its slow awakening to the dreadful problems of reality, and its battles with and conquest of those problems."

His conviction was that, just as Lincoln's life needed no adornments to make it pertinent, his character needed "no romanticizing, no sentimentalizing, no dramatizing." To a reporter he said that, before he began, he made up his mind "not to have a line of hokum in the play. I love hoke in the theater," he went on, "but this time I decided that, while they might say the play was dull, they couldn't say it was 'theater.'"

To his Aunt Lydia he confided that he was "not concerned with Abraham Lincoln's position in history—because no one needs to elaborate on that. It was his remarkable character. It seems to me that all the contrasted qualities of the human race—the hopes and fears, the doubts and convictions, the mortal frailty and superhuman endurance, the prescience and the neuroses, the desire for escape from reality, and the fundamental, unshakable nobility—were concentrated and magnified in him as they were in Oedipus Rex and in Hamlet. Except that he was no creation of the poetic imagination. He was a living American, and in his living words are the answers—or the only conceivable answers—to all the questions that distract the world today."

Sherwood's shadowing of Lincoln when he was pondering his play did not stop with history or biography. Language, Lincoln's language public and private, the language of his period and of the authors who, having fed the hungers of his mind, helped to shape his style, became Sherwood's natural concern. To give authenticity to the dialogue in his scenes about the young Lincoln, he bought an English grammar of 1816. For period flavor he savored the *Pickwick Papers* and, to catch the swing and phraseology of common speech along the Mississippi, he reread *Huckleberry Finn*. Again and again he searched the Bible, Shakespeare, Jefferson, and Whitman for an appropriately somber passage with which the student Lincoln could conclude the opening scene. Finding none, he used Keats's "On Death" as being right in spirit even if there was no record of Lincoln's having read it. The poem contained a phrase in "his rugged path" which stuck in Sherwood's mind. For a while he considered *The Rugged Path* for the title of his Lincoln play, which earlier he had thought of calling *The First American*, then *An American*.

"It's disgusting. His father would never let himself be controlled by a pack of unscrupulous parasites like us."

IN the midst of the activities at Great Enton, his summer place in England, Sherwood made another try at Lincoln in June, 1937. Again he found he was not ready and, after a few unsuccessful attempts, he put the project aside. But he was haunted by the play and continued to read for it and think about it. Not until the beginning of November did he actually settle down to writing. "Get to work on *Abe*, you lazy bastard," his diary exhorts, followed by "Got to work on Scene 2. Not too greatly pleased with progress." Once started, he wrote rapidly, finishing the first draft in eighteen days.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois was a turning point in Sherwood's career. So were the happenings of an afternoon soon after he had finished that first draft. Sherwood presided then for the first time as president at a meeting of the council of the Dramatists' Guild. The day was dull, as Elmer Rice remembered it in *Minority Report*, and so was the meeting. The discussion of movie money in the theater dragged on for three hours. Little was accomplished, and to Sherwood the afternoon seemed "a terrible ordeal."

When it was at last over, he, Rice, and Maxwell Anderson found themselves on the same elevator. They were tired men, and depressed. To raise their spirits, they went to a nearby bar where, over their drinks, they shared their grievances against the American theater in general and producers in particular. As Rice recalled, Sherwood and Anderson spoke with special vehemence against the Theatre Guild with which they both, while in the process of having successes, had had painful experiences.

The Guild's committee system, which had irked Sherwood when *Reunion in Vienna* and *Idiot's Delight* were being done, was attacked by him and by Anderson. The two of them objected strenuously to the fact that at the Guild they had been "harassed by disagreements about casting, revisions, and the disposition of subsidiary rights." They both expressed the wish that "their plays could be done as they wanted them done, without interference!"

In a spirit of fraternal revolt they revived a dream that for some years had come no nearer to reality than talk. This

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A Sampler from "The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood"

FEW INTRICATE men have been simpler in their essential beliefs than Sherwood, few worldlings so unworldly. The commencement orator at Milton Academy remained, bafflingly and sometimes disconcertingly, at the core of the grown up, brooding man. This was a source of his strange strength even when his decencies befuddled him.

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FROM BOYHOOD on, he was not only an idealist and a romantic but on occasions an unblushing sentimentalist who believed in heroes, needed them, and was lucky enough to find them. Grief, despair, self-doubt, insecurity, pain, disenchantment, and recurrent melancholy—all these he was to live with as well as with gaiety, happiness, exuberant nonsense, love, confidence, success, and fame. Yet, in spite of the tremors of his living, the bedrock of his faith, though shaken, was never long dislodged. He was an optimist at heart, not unthinking and often inundated by gloom—but still an optimist.

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SHERWOOD'S academic position at Harvard was always uneasy. That his precarious health, the toll of his height, affected his record was incontrovertible. It was the explanation supplied most often by his doctors, his parents and the deans. Yet his health could have been no more than a partial explanation since among its uncertainties was its flexibility. It appeared to get worse whenever he approached a classroom and better whenever he left one. It made him lackadaisical as a student and yet enabled him to be active as an undergraduate.

In Cambridge it was such a drain on his energies by day that it kept him from attending classes and examinations, but by night it supplied him with sufficient energy to be a constant patron of movies, plays, and, especially, musical comedies in Boston. It robbed him of the stamina to study but provided him with enough strength to get into a fight as a freshman with three townies, during the course of which one of them hit him across the face with a long stick and broke his nose. It did not stop him as a devout Republican from parading, torch in hand, down Boston's Tremont Street for Charles Evans Hughes on the night when he thought that Hughes had been elected President. Or from celebrating that victory by getting "good and drunk at the Georgian" and spending the money he thought that he had won on bets. If it contributed to his flunking English A, the most elementary of freshman composition courses, it made it possible for him to be an editor of his Freshman *Redbook* and later to write copiously and well for the *Lampoon*, of which he became president, and also for the Hasty Pudding.

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HIS grandmother Mews was a snob who took her exercise picking up celebrities and dropping their names. Her life (really an interesting one) was a string of diamonds which she managed to turn into costume jewelry.

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SHERWOOD'S mother, Rosina, was an enchanting woman, zestful and giving, with the long, lean, highbred, race-horse face of Virginia Woolf or Margot Asquith. Although a painter by instinct and profession, she was a great lady as well as a capable artist, unconventional but not bohemian, and one of the most vital of very human beings. She loved all of her children with the copiousness she brought to living, and every day they sat for her without their knowing it.

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THE LIFE STORY of Sherwood's father, Arthur, had he written it, would have been a slender and urbane volume, gay as a blazer at its beginning. Its middle chapters would have been stodgy but as easing as a clubman's worn brown leather chair by the window, and its concluding pages gray as a December sky when, after his illness and failure, he retired from life almost as completely as from business.

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AMONG THE ROUND TABLERS at the Algonquin Sherwood stood out like a grandfather's clock. The tick of his talk was measured, his words seeming to be spaced by minutes, but when he chimed he struck gaily. What was deepest in him had, except when he wrote, a hard time getting out. Although his likes and dislikes were strong and he could say sharp things, he took no pleasure in wounding and was not among the scrappers. The slowness of his speech was his tongue's guardian in such fast-talking company. His silences were often his retorts, his somewhat tortured smiles his signals of enjoyment, and his looks of incredulity the register of his mustering disapproval.

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BY OPENING its pages to a critical department devoted to the motion pictures, *Life* was making a resolute effort to join the new day and Sherwood as its movie editor was establishing a precedent. No regular reviewer for a national magazine had approached the movies with his standards or his belief in their possibilities. This is what Kaufman had in mind when years later, at a dinner at which Sherwood was present, he suddenly asked, "Do you realize that there sits at this table the founder of a new form of journalism?"

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A REVIEWER lives on hopes and would have neither standards nor respect for what he is reviewing if disappointment were not a staple in his diet. Although most frequently forced to damn, Sherwood really liked to like, and when he did so, which was often, he liked with all the ardor of his nature. The weeks which by his own admission depressed him were those when he was compelled to litter his reviews with "but's." Most humorists (and he was one, writing for a humorous magazine) become embarrassed when they have to praise. Making fun is by profession their way of giving it. Even Benchley, with all his generosity and warmth, seemed to blush slightly when he had to admire, because there is little laughter in surrender. Sherwood was different. All panning and no praise, said he, makes for a dull column. His major complaint against the movie producers was that they did not enable him to praise their work more frequently. When they did, he praised it with such enthusiasm that with him having the strength of his convictions often meant having the courage of his superlatives. "Great" was an adjective which he used with conviction but no caution.

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"TO BE ABLE to write a play, for performance in a theater," he wrote, "a man must be sensitive, imaginative, naïve, gullible, passionate; he must be something of an imbecile, something of a poet, something of a liar, something of a damn fool. He must be a chaser of wild geese, as well as of wild ducks. He must be prepared to make a public spectacle of himself. He must be independent and brave, and sure of himself and of the importance of his work; because if he isn't he will never survive the scorching blasts of derision that will probably greet his first efforts."

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ON THAT 4TH OF MARCH, 1933, Sherwood, at George Kaufman's, was one of the millions waiting eagerly for Roosevelt's inaugural address. He was not expecting much. Al Smith was still his idol, the Al Smith because of whom he had ceased to be a Republican and become a Democrat. Although he voted for Roosevelt, he had his doubts about him. "All Coolidge had to do in 1924," he was to say, "was to keep his mean trap shut, to be elected. All Harding had to do in 1920 was repeat 'avoid foreign entanglements.' All Hoover had to do in 1928 was to endorse Coolidge. All Roosevelt had to do in 1932 was to point to Hoover."

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JAMES THURBER insisted that no one would ever have picked Harold Ross out of a police line-up as the editor of the *New Yorker*. No more would Sherwood have been spotted as the editor of *Life*. As surely as in appearance Ross was the denial of Eustace Tilley's elegance, Sherwood at first glance bore no resemblance to "Laughter holding both his sides." To Thurber, Ross appeared, even in a dinner jacket, "loosely informal, like a carelessly carried umbrella." Sherwood, especially in his long, black winter overcoat, looked to his secretary, Lois Whitcomb, "like a walking coffin."

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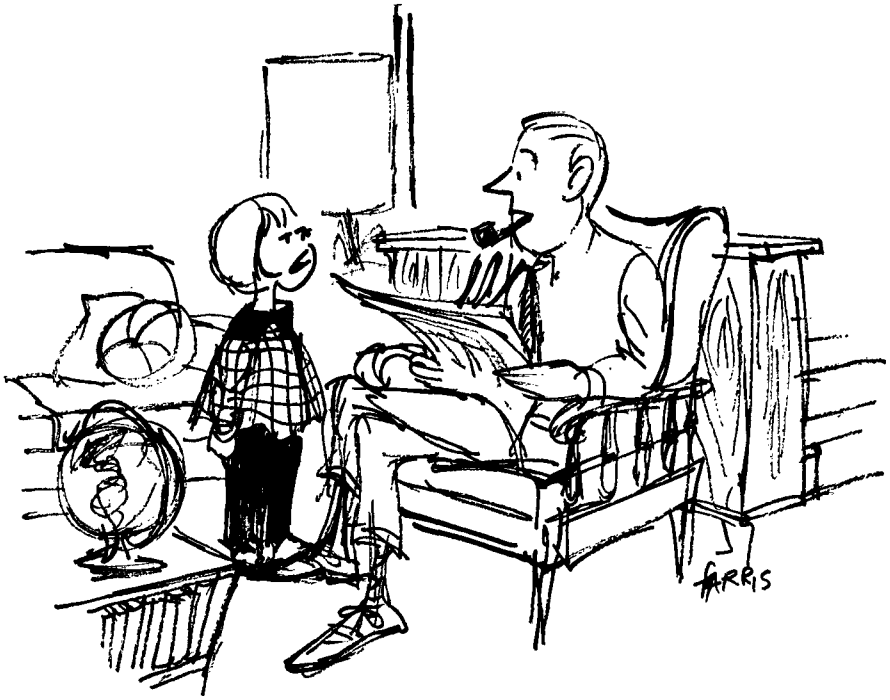
was a group of playwrights who, dispensing with the middlemen who were managers, would produce their own plays. Rice had long been a champion of such an idea, notwithstanding the failure of a previous association known as the Dramatists' Theatre, which, after producing only one success among too many attempts, had died of dissension. Shortly after the hit of *Street Scene* (1929) he had suggested another project of the same kind to Anderson, Philip Barry, and George Kelly, without arousing their interest. This time the idea took root. Anderson and Sherwood committed themselves to it at once and asked Rice to join them, which he did with enthusiasm. Sidney Howard, whose *They Knew What They Wanted, Ned McCobb's Daughter,* and *The Silver Cord* had had hugely successful Theatre Guild productions, was also invited to be one of them, an invitation which he, as an ever-ready champion of new ideas, welcomed.

They had made a promising start. Then Thanksgiving intervened. This one was spent by the Sherwoods with the Averell Harrimans at Arden. During it Sherwood, while considering revisions for *Abe* and thinking about the newly conceived Playwrights' Company, spent his time bowling, playing badminton, parlor games and, in general, seeming to loaf. The Harrimans' guests, included among others the Heywood Brouns, the William Paleys, the Donald Klopfers, Alice Duer Miller, Charles Lederer, Oscar Levant, Rosamond Pinchot, the George Backers, Peggy Pulitzer, the Harold Rosses, the George Kaufmans, and the Herbert Bayard Swopes. Someone said, "What a play this gathering would make," to which Kaufman replied, "Yes, the title would be *The Upper Depths.*"

Early the next week the four men, all quite excited by then, met at the Plaza's Oak Room to discuss definite plans. They decided to add another dramatist, feeling, according to Rice, "that five playwrights could presumably be expected to turn in three plays a year. If only one was even a moderate success, we would be on safe ground; a big hit every three years or so would provide a wide margin of safety." The candidate they tapped was S. N. Behrman, who, in the Guild's productions of *The Second Man, Meteor, Biography, Rain from Heaven,* and *Amphitryon 38,* had long since established himself as a comic dramatist. He took persuading, not wanting to involve himself actively in play production, but he accepted.

The problems of management now descended on the five dramatists themselves. They named their organization the Playwrights' Company at the suggestion of Anderson, who had the medieval guilds in mind, and overnight it began to take shape. Money, of course, was a necessity. They thought that they could operate with a capital of $100,000, each investing $10,000 and with $50,000 more to be raised among their friends. Sherwood proved to be the most successful fund raiser, attracting on Long Island weekends such investors as Harriman, Dorothy Schiff, George Backer, Harold Guinzburg, Howard Cullman, Alicia Patterson, and Raymond Massey.

The agreement among the playwrights was that the company would produce any script written by a member so long as the production budget was not in excess of $25,000, an amount then considered ample. According to Rice, "Plays calling for a greater expenditure required majority approval. Each playwright was to be in complete charge of his own production, calling upon his colleagues whenever he chose for script criticism, casting suggestions, comments at rehearsals and tryouts." All the plays to be submitted were to be new ones, unretrieved from trunks and dresser drawers. Each member, in Sherwood's words, "would get a straight ten per cent royalty on his play and sixty per cent of a picture sale. A dramatist would abandon hope for a play of his if his fellows all voted against it." In the years ahead all of them submitted scripts to the Playwrights' Company which were not produced by it. In such cases they were free to turn to other managements.



"If you really love us, how come you haven't made us a million dollars?"

WHILE writing *Abe,* Sherwood had been torn between exaltation and despair. He had had days of being unable to start and days of being unable to stop. There had been nights when he experienced "such excitement" that it interfered with sleep. These were followed by periods of black melancholy. At times he felt "perfectly wonderful," convinced that "I've done at last what I most wanted to do with my work—express America." Then would come hours of torturing doubts when, laid low by attacks of *tic douloureux,* he found himself harassed by the episodic form he had chosen. "I'm geared to drive through an act, & so many starts, spurts & stops make it difficult for me to know whether I'm sustaining the interest."

One thing was plain. Even before his first meeting with Rice and Anderson, Sherwood had reached the climax of loneliness and uncertainty when a writer needs to discover whether all the effort and agony he has poured into his work have justified themselves. Early in December he retyped a lot of *Abe,* read it all through, and felt "terribly depressed. . . . It seems awfully, awfully dull. Fussed with it and stewed over it until suddenly I decided I should go nuts if it remained in the house another minute. So I packed it up and took it to Miss Simone to be typed. Lord—I hope this feeling of despair about it is only nervous reaction or something & that it's better than I fear it is now—a hell of a lot better." When the text came back, his wife Madeline read it and, while she was doing so, Sherwood experienced the anxieties of an opening night. "Thank God she liked it & made some very good criticisms and suggestions which I shall act upon immediately."

Encouraged, he took a copy to his mother on her eighty-first birthday, read the play to Ned Sheldon, and sent copies to the other Playwrights, and to Edna

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The Oresteia

By KENNETH REXROTH

"AESCHYLUS, son of Euphorion, an Athenian. This tomb hides his dust, here where he died in Gela amongst the wheatfields. His fame lives in splendor on the battlefield of Marathon and the long-haired Medes remember him well." Dying in Sicily far from home, the first and greatest dramatic poet wished to be remembered as a citizen who acted with his fellows at the moment when glory came to Athens.

Swinburne called *The Oresteia* the greatest spiritual achievement of man. The majority of critics consider it the noblest of tragedies. Yet, after the soaring climaxes that close the "Agamemnon" and "The Libation Bearers"—the murder of Agamemnon and Cassandra by his wife, Clytemnestra and her lover, Aegisthus, and the killing of them by his children, Orestes and Elektra—the concluding play, "The Eumenides," may well seem to the modern mind anticlimactic and empty. For us the State is ruled by venality, covetousness, fraud, vulgarity; an appeal to it for absolution is not a proper and far from a transcendent denouement. Aristotle considered democracy, worn out by his time, the worst of governments. So little a while before its forms possessed for Aeschylus a new and splendid sacredness.

Modern criticism, influenced by discredited nineteenth-century anthropology, reads in the Oresteian trilogy conflict between ancient matriarchal blood ties and nature religion and the superseding patriarchal abstract law and Olympian gods. This may have been the ideological struggle of Neolithic and Bronze Age cultures, but the Greeks of Aeschylus's time had certainly forgotten its emotional meaning. Why should the vendettas dogging Orestes, Oedipus and the Theban brothers, as far removed from Aeschylus as he is from us, suddenly have appeared so relevant?

These myths raise the question that haunts and defines the human condition. The long, unwinding *karma* of family curse takes life from spilled blood, but it is worked out in individual wills of men, perpetually reborn in moments of flawed decision. No one is innocent. Fate is the multiplication of the corrupt will by itself, as it raises itself, step by step, to second, third, fourth, and higher powers of entanglement. This is the mystery of original sin—the conflict of destiny and free will, the greater and the lesser good—focused in the Socratic dilemma—the bitter conclusion that reason, knowledge of good, of the consequence of choice, far from guarantee that man will choose his own good.

The actions of Greek tragedy are real and intrinsically dramatic, not battles between chimeras of the unconscious. The tensions in Greek life between what Nietzsche called Apollonian and Dionysiac powers result from constant polarities in the characters of all men. Nor are conflicts of the rights of mother, father, children, ancestors, the threat of consequences, peculiarities attending either the Urban Revolution at the opening of the Bronze Age, the birth of the democratic city-state, or the dawn of the technological age today.

AGAIN, Aristotle said what elevates the language of the characters of Aeschylus is not rhetoric but a kind of transcendent politics. The actors are caught up in the shimmering flux—warp and woof and flying shuttles—of a kind of political ecstasy. Athens in the days of Aeschylus, like London in the days of Shakespeare, experienced a true dramatization of life. Whether Aeschylus invented tragedy or not, he is the first Western writer to understand process, the essence of drama. The Athenian community of his day was continuously discovering new realms of value in its own interpersonal relationships. Aeschylus gives expression to a civic dynamism more intense than Western man would ever see again. Meaning was being won from time.

In *The Iliad* experience always narrows judgment and value. In Aeschylus the self absorbs irrational divine and reasonable human imperatives and transmutes them into decision. Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Orestes all confront destiny in specific instances of dilemma and make determining choices. If doom is female continuity, organic process, and choice is the male will to achievement,

and the first two plays are their tragic conflict, in "The Eumenides" this conflict is resolved in community—the classical balance of personal form and impersonal law. Apollo, Athena and the Furies are reconciled under the rule of reason, order, public welfare. This is the gospel of the new-born citizen, participant in a new kind of freedom. It is not Aeschylus's fault but history's that it bears for us an uncomfortable resemblance to the religion of Robespierre.

The meaning of *The Oresteia* is an ever-widening ray that expands to judge history as it penetrates time. Atreus and Thyestes, Leda and Zeus, Artemis and Iphigenia, Paris and Helen, Cassandra and Apollo, Achilles and Agamemnon, lust and power, adulterous and quarreling men and gods—generations of conflict pour into the retort of tragedy and are reduced to one complex molecule. So too symbolism and imagery are characterized by expansion, by scope, vastness, physical grandeur. Elements far widely separated in time or space or differing greatly in scale are juxtaposed with overwhelming sensory effect. Under all runs a counterpoint of simple antitheses—light and dark, eagle and serpent, home and battlefield, glory and nurture, wife and warrior, child and parent, community and ruler—tensions that polarize every sustained passage of verse. A sense of daemonic possession builds in the audience to discharge in a final reconciliation of contraries. The Furies of blood vengeance turn to the Eumenides, "The Gracious Ones," guardians of the reasonable fellowship of Athenian democracy. The audience did not believe this mythic plot as the orthodox Christian believes the Apostles' Creed. It was rapt away with the protagonists in a twisting net of fate and will, act and consequence—an existing experience. So the exchanged compliments between the deities at the end is not an Aesopian moral. The trilogy is moral existence throughout.

"The troubled memories of pain seep through the dreaming heart. Men learn against their will." "Man learns by suffering," said Aeschylus. Does he? At the end the virtuous and wise pass from the ruin of history to a new family of love and devotion. Do they? Two thousand years later we may disagree and accept the ignoble fact that burned babies return tirelessly to the fire; yet we sustain ourselves with faith that somewhere is a realm where the ennobling insights of Aeschylus and Job are true and real.

(Aeschylus has attracted the most abominable translators in the history of literature and few good ones. The "Agamemnon" of Louis MacNeice is excellent, but cut and altered slightly. Incomparably the best for American readers is Richmond Lattimore's, published by the University of Chicago Press and The Modern Library.)

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WHY WRITE A BOOK?

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

"WHY do you waste your time writing books?"

The question was my accountant's. He asked it during the latest of those annual moments of truth that come early each April. His accusing tone seemed to imply near treason to my major and silent partner, Uncle Sam. It carried a hint that I might more profitably have spent my time baby sitting or mowing lawns for the neighbors.

"So he's joined them too," I groaned inwardly while trying to keep a poker face.

By "them" I had in mind the normal phalanx of opponents that a person who has a regular job and tries to write books in his spare time encounters daily. "Them" includes the wife and children, who cannot understand that evenings, weekends, and vacations exist for gathering material and pounding a typewriter rather than for going away, seeing a movie, or visiting friends. "Them" includes the doctor, who keeps on muttering about the alleged virtues of regular outdoor exercise and the supposed advantages of regular periods of relaxation. And I have fellow book-writing addicts who report that "them" includes their bosses, suspicious churls who apparently wonder whether a man can give his all to his 9-to-5 job if he spends all the rest of his waking hours working on some magnum opus. There are, of course, bosses who have the same monkey on their backs. They tend to be more understanding—sometimes.

The accountant left finally, adding as a final shot, "Why don't you write magazine articles or give lectures? They pay pretty well I understand. Anyway, they can't pay less per hour than the books you write."

I tried to ignore this philistine, but his words had set me thinking. Why did I write books? Why, for that matter, did anyone write books—the 20,000 or so titles that come off the presses each year? With a shock I realized that I had been writing books by instinct for decades, yet this was a serious matter deserving careful analysis. I began to draw up categories.

There are obviously people who write books because they make lots and lots of beautiful money. I drooled with envy as I thought of the artists of the word who can get a million-dollar advance for the paperback rights alone on a novel they haven't even begun. Wouldn't it be lovely to be one of those wizards whose publishers expect as a matter of course that every one of their volumes will be a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection? I know one of them, and he reports that the single time the Club's rulers fumbled his ball for some reason they wrote him a long and contrite letter of apology. Life can be beautiful.

VERY few people are in this elite group, but surely many others must write books in the hope that they, too, will hit the jackpot. Was I one of their number? Did I harbor—hidden away deep in my subconscious, far beyond the probing reach of my favorite analyst—fantasies about my typewriter really being a gold mine? At this point cold reason reasserted itself. People like me—who write about such matters as Russia's relations with China in the eighteenth century and the latest developments in Muscovite econometrics—simply cannot have such unrealistic expectations. Not for us the jackpot. That's clear.

Then, of course, there are all the professors who write books because they have to as part of the expected obeisance before the Great God Research. An academic friend of mine once explained the arithmetic of "Publish or Perish" to me. "It's simple," I recall him saying, "just publish an article every two years and a book every five or six years. Nobody reads them, of course, but they look awfully good in your bibliography and they assure you'll be a full professor by the time you're thirty-five, or forty. Your department chairman thinks you're pulling your weight, and you can join him in tut-tutting about the "lack of productivity" of that young whippersnapper who never writes anything but comes out first when the school newspaper rates the members of your department." Then, as a final thought, he added, "Besides you can always get a foundation grant or some government money to write a book."

That last remark hit me hard. Like every other literate person I have had my Walter Mitty moments dreaming of somebody (for some reason I always think of him as wearing a homburg and striped pants) from Ford or Carnegie or Rockefeller accosting me with offers of oodles of money to write the definitive treatise on the economic geology of Yakutia. Perhaps I write books as a means of wigwagging that Barkus is willin'? But then again pitiless reason intervened. With all the practice, Ford, Carnegie, Rockefeller et al. have had over the years ignoring my wigwagging—if that's what I've been doing—they're hardly likely ever to kick that particular habit. I dismissed the hypothesis.

What about the people who write books because they have a message for humanity? I thought of Marx slaving over *Das Kapital* in the British Museum, of Lenin expounding *What Is To Be Done* before he went out and did it, of Darwin reluctantly and slowly applying pen to paper to break the bad news about man's unsavory origins. Even now, I know—they all seem able to get past the receptionist and pester me—there are hordes of people convinced they have a priceless message for humanity, all of them willing at any provocation—or none at all—to expound it for 100,000 or 200,000 words if somebody will only put up the money to pay the printer and the bookbinder.

But I don't fall into this category either. For some reason—a defect, no doubt, in the nucleotide structure of the double helix of my deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA to those in the know)—I don't seem to have any very important message for humanity. I don't know how to end the Vietnam War or the Dominican mess. I have no sure-fire formula for perpetual prosperity or even for perpetual motion. If they're looking for someone to fulfil Einstein's unrealized dream of uniting relativity theory with quantum mechanics, they'll have to look elsewhere. I'm not up to it, and don't even understand either subject if the humiliating truth be told. I just like to write books, even if they don't carry some message that will cause endless turmoil, like those of Marx and Lenin, or give the theologians sleepless nights, like those of Darwin.

It was at this point in my ruminations that the underlying cause of my idiosyncrasy finally came to the surface: I like to write books because I learn so much in the process, because only by doing the galley-slave labor that is research for a book can I learn how many unfacts I carry around in my mind as facts.

The process of book conception is always the same. By now I think of it as a highly stylized ritual on a par with the old Chinese Opera before they did

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away with the emperors, princesses, and Robin Hood types and substituted heroic workers and rotten American imperialists, or at least their corrupt agents.

It always begins with a phone call. "This is Mr. Brown" (or White or Black or Blue—publishers seem to have a penchant for colorful names, though I must admit I'm still waiting for Mr. Fuchsia), "I'd like to talk to you about a book," he says. Adhering to the strictest ritual, I reply, "Well, it won't hurt to talk about it. Let's have lunch." His reply, equally stylized, is "Fine, what about the Century Club (or it may be the Harvard Club. I've come to realize that I don't rate the Four Seasons) next Friday."

The second act—at the Century Club or its equivalent—also follows the classical rules. "We'd like you to do a book on the role of the Bashkirs in the Russian Revolution. Our market-research people have discovered that a lot of Bashkirs came to this country in 1912 and settled in Texas sagebrush that turned out to hide oil wells. Their affluent sons and grandsons will want the book, and most of them can read by now. Besides our college salesmen tell us the trend in Russian history courses these days is to treat the revolution in depth—no more superficial stuff like Chamberlin's two volumes or Carr's three volumes. They want real fundamental works that pinpoint what happened at the grassroots, in key areas like Bashkiria. I know you can toss it off in no time at all. Why the first time I heard of the Bashkirs was in an article you wrote for the *Times* a couple of months ago. (Checking always reveals the article appeared ten years ago and was by a colleague of mine.) And just to show we're serious, we're willing to offer an advance."

At this portentous and decisive moment, he names a figure and brings out his checkbook. In the by now heated and alcohol-enlivened atmosphere, the figure seems huge. I hastily divide it by the monthly mortgage payment and there's something left over. I forget to do what my accountant tells me to do, allow for income tax at the highest rate I can think of. I have been hooked.

I go home, my brain whirling with ideas. The Bashkirs in the Russian Revolution! I once read a book that mentioned the subject. Oh yes, Lenin called them Russia's Hottentots in 1919, didn't he? They fought the Reds almost to a draw under the colorful Mustafa Riyazev. Clearly this will be an exciting story, full of exotic detail and deeds of bold derring do. Maybe Orville Prescott will review the book. Miracles do happen after all.

My wife recognizes the symptoms. She protests loudly, threatens divorce. My children throw themselves imploringly at my feet; one of them bites me in the leg. But I remain firm. I bolt supper and rush off to the library.

That first night at the library is always a discouraging experience. In all those thousands of books it turns out there's only one that mentions the Bashkirs in the Russian Revolution. And it claims that Mustafa Riyazev was not the colorful leader of the Bashkir anti-Communists. It mentions that he was the first Bashkir to join the Bolsheviks—presumably under the influence of alcohol, the author adds in a footnote. The leader of the Bashkirs was one Abdullah Illyuyayev, this source maintains, and he was so incompetent that the feeble Bashkir revolt petered out after two days and one skirmish in which there was only one casualty—Abdullah, whose rifle exploded (it was the first time he had ever fired one).

I GO home depressed. But there's no way out. The contract has been signed, and most of the advance was spent on the way home to buy a little glamorous something for the wife in the effort (predictably vain) to win her assent this time.

The next day is Saturday. It is a fine day—the sun is shining; all the neighbors are off to the golf course or sailing on Long Island Sound. I go to the Slavic Room of the New York Public Library. Maybe this project can be rescued yet.

Here there's material! My memory was right. I find the book I remember having read. There it is in black and white. Mustafa was the leader of the Bashkir anti-Communists. The author has a footnote that the "legend of Mustafa Riyazev joining the Communist party was a typical Stalinist falsification spread in the 1930s to reconcile the Bashkirs to Communist slavery." Abdullah Illyuyayev, this book notes, "was a Communist agent who tried to worm his way into the Bashkir ranks, but who was exposed as a Russian, not a Bashkir, when he inadvertently revealed his ignorance of the sacred Bashkir fertility rite."

At this point I know all is well. Once again the sources contradict each other. Once again no two authors on the same subject agree on what happened to whom where and when. A long and pleasant task—much more fun than the double-crostic, I think, but my wife disagrees—is ahead of me: trying to figure out what really did take place. And at the end of the road I know will be my own book, a major additional contribution to the general confusion.

But what will my accountant say next April?

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *See Page 38 for a review of Mr. Schwartz's latest book.*]

"That's dirty marble-playing, Kesselman!"

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Saturday Review

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What Is World Law?

WORLD LAW is both simple and complex. It is simple in terms of the underlying principles. It is complex in terms of the problems involved in creating the machinery to operate it and the balances that would have to be built into it to keep it from becoming an instrument of abuse.

The concept is simple in the sense that law is the natural foundation of group living. The governing code or rules of the society may be oral or written, formal or informal, crude or refined, minimal or maximal, but they represent a specific description of acceptable and unacceptable behavior. The alternative is anarchy—not the philosophical anarchy which, in the Kropotkin sense, can come about through the higher development of the human intellect, enabling man to be truly unfettered, but the raw anarchy that produces lawlessness, chaos, and violence.

In attempting to govern itself, a community or group doesn't assume that all men are inherently evil. The experience of the race offers evidence that the behavior of man tends to vary with the circumstances. Under conditions of stability and order, men are inclined to be reasonable and productive. When law is minimized or absent, they have a tendency to be antisocial, irresponsible, and violent. The same is equally true of clusters of men in their group relationships. Therefore, the purpose of law, either for man or his group, is to create those conditions that inhibit the negative tendencies and favor the positive ones. This is done by defining obligations, setting up deterrents to antisocial or criminal behavior, and dealing with violations.

The paradox, however, is that the natural role of law in human society does not extend today to the area that needs it most, the community of nations. Here, the conditions favor the ascendancy of human malevolence over human decency. The individual who lies or cheats or kills in his own interest is considered unworthy or reprehensible, but if he lies or cheats or kills in the national interest he may be considered a hero.

Morality within a nation is considered a virtue, but morality among nations is often considered unworkable or naïve or irrelevant. In international affairs, desirable behavior is represented by the achievement of objectives, not by abstract principles of good conduct.

Thus the dominant condition of man on earth today is anarchy. All the institutions developed over long centuries for protecting the individual are puny and unworkable alongside man's vulnerability to the anarchy. Since freedom is impossible without law, the absence of law in the world arena is destructive of freedom within the units of the arena, which is to say, within the nations themselves. The ultimate effect of anarchy, in the context of world anarchy, is that of a madman with a torch in everyman's home. World anarchy plus nuclear weapons equal insanity and the decimation of the human community.

Absolute national sovereignty—that is to say, the habit of nations in acting outside law in their external affairs and putting their national interest above the human interest—thus becomes inconsistent with the well-being and ultimately the survival of the human race.

The most significant feature of our age, therefore, is that the national sovereign state, at one time an indispensable device for carrying on the essential business of the human race and for safeguarding large numbers of people, is today an unworkable, precarious, and lethal mechanism. It can no longer protect the lives, properties, traditions, and culture of its members or foster the conditions that make for the health of the society as a whole. The same scientific revolution that made it possible to destroy an entire city with a single explosive and to circle the world in little more than an hour has unhinged the historic role of the national sovereign state and transformed it into a preternatural colossus. The means of national protection have evolved into the instruments of holocaust and suicide.

If a single nation could possess a monopoly of the instruments of modern technology and power, it is possible that that particular nation could continue to protect its people and perform its traditional function. But the absence of such a monopoly makes it necessary to limit and to control the uses of that power and technology in the common interest—and the common interest in the modern world can only be defined as the well-being and safety of the human species as a whole, rather than any single national unit.

Such limitation and control, to be fully effective, cannot be achieved or sustained within the context of the present anarchy. At one point or another, the general insecurity, tension, and upheaval that are the natural components

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of the anarchy may cancel out the attempts at control. The limitation and control of weapons may reduce tensions but they cannot create justice in the affairs among nations, or define acceptable behavior for nations, or provide for the maintenance of peace. These requirements of safety, and therefore survival, belong to a more comprehensive and structured approach that takes the form of law.

It is in this sense that world law is complex. The theoretical benefits of world law are clear enough but the engineering of consent that must precede it, and the disparities and diversities in ideology, traditions, and histories, levels of educational and industrial development that have to be accommodated or reconciled within it—all these represent the kind of complexity with which human intelligence has not yet had to deal; at least, not on that scale.

Here are some of the specific questions involved in that complexity:

1. What should be the basis of representation in a world legislative assembly? If population, then a few states with mammoth populations would dominate the world. If being a nation is sufficient for equality of representation, then most of the world's peoples who live in a small number of states will be governed by a small number of people in a large number of states. If industrial capacity is the yardstick, then the peoples who have been under colonialism or feudalism are likely to feel that their have-not status is being formalized and cemented.

2. How is the law to be enforced? Assuming the resolution of the problem of representation in creating a legislative mechanism, what will the enforcement arm consist of? An army? How will it be constituted? On a voluntary basis? If so, will it be adequate? If not, will the people agree to it? Will the enforcement arm have nuclear weapons? If so, what guarantee is there that such force would not be used to inflict a world tyranny or even lead to the use of nuclear force by men who have access to it? And if the enforcement arm is not to have nuclear power, what potency will it have alongside nations that do have such nuclear power?

3. If law is the product of government, and if just government depends on the consent of the governed, how will a world organization go about obtaining such consent? Will there be a uniform yardstick applied to all? Will such a yardstick contain educational or cultural measurements, in which case an intellectual élite will be created, or will it be devoid of any measurements except adulthood, in which case sheer numbers will have to pass as wisdom? Or will it be a yardstick difficult to apply because the combination is contrived?

4. Are the powers of law to be confined to security matters? If so, what about all the other matters that create insecurity and tension and ultimately lead to conflict? If the powers of law are to be extended to justice in the relationships of nations with one another, can the area of justice be compartmentalized? What about the question of justice inside nations, especially as it concerns minority groups?

• • •

THESE are only a few of the complexities involved in eliminating the present world anarchy and in creating a structure of world law. What is most remarkable and significant, however, about these complexities is not the difficulty in resolving them but the fact that they are not even being discussed. Any agenda addressed to world peace would have to begin with a consideration of these issues. Yet no agency of the United Nations, or of regional groupings of nations, or of individual nations is addressing itself officially to the questions. The United Nations is struggling for its life not just because the organization is weak but because men refuse even to consider how it can be made better.

It is possible that world law is beyond the reach of human intelligence. But we cannot assume it is. Fatiguing though it may be to ponder the complexities of world law, it may not be nearly so fatiguing as it will be to ponder the growing casualty lists in Vietnam. Indeed, only by pondering the connection between Vietnam and the absence of world law are we likely to discover what Vietnam is all about.

The proper place, of course, for such pondering is in the United Nations. That is where the machinery of law will have to operate. Until that happens, we are all thought-resistant barbarians and crude anarchists. —N.C.

Not Even a Bridge

By Judson Jerome

ACROSS the creek—you cannot see from here—
but where those oaks hump over, huddling their
summertime mysteries, a house, barn, sheds
spread all in darkness, grassless, in brown decay.
On this side trees never attain such size—
and we have roads and fields and sun.
It may
have been disease. More likely hunger. I
forget what people used to say.
Once, as
a boy, I came down off that mountain, carrying
squirrels, alone, and stepped into their clearing
as into a cave. A chill was in the air.
A hen muttered and ran into the barn.
A loose gate ached to silence. Silence, save
for the growling of the creek, and darkness, save
for scattered coins of sun in the brown, dry silence.
The house hunched still, the barnlot bare, but by
the well a man stood, gaunt, arrested, his
dark hand on the white bare arm of his little girl,
both of them staring.
I, of course, said *Hi!*
From somewhere a hound gruffed greeting.
When
I left perhaps they moved; if they had been speaking,
perhaps they spoke again.
Oh, we fished up
and down, hunted the hills, and saw them seldom.
They never returned our wave—such hate—or fear—
for skittish as chipmunks they would stand on the bank
and back into the brush if we drew near.

And then they were gone: their stock, their chickens, gone;
their buildings no more silent than before.
Kids played there, some, but ghosts were in the air—
and snakes and spiders under boards.
So queer—
that people tried to live so long and hard
with nothing but each other: no cultivation
that I ever saw, no crops, no trips to the store,
as though a family were a cage—or world—
not even a bridge to get from there to here.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A New Role for the U.N.?

THANK YOU for several superb and timely articles on the United Nations and our future.

Perhaps one further role, not mentioned, which that world body could play in easing current tensions would be to conduct free elections in both South Vietnam and the Dominican Republic to see if the United States is truly wanted in either. Why not consult the very people we are supposedly defending before the inevitable face-saving involves nuclear weapons?

THOMAS C. REEVES.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Drawing the Line

AFTER TWICE READING Mr. Larson's article "The Future of Peacekeeping" [*SR*, July 24] I would like to hear his answers to two questions: 1) What do we do about the Viet-cong? and 2) Where do you draw the line to be patrolled?

Recently a weekly news magazine had a map indicating that the Communist areas extend all the way to the southern tip of Vietnam. An attached statement said "fifty per cent of South Vietnam is now under Communist domination."

It looks to me that, if the entire North Vietnamese country went to sleep for a year, we would still have war between Communism and non-Communism in South Vietnam. If our plan is to contain the fire until it burns itself out (everyone in South Vietnam kills each other off), then the North Vietnamese can move in without a squabble.

It is like dividing a bowl of soup in half and saying, "This side shall be vegetable and this other shall be vegetable and the two shall not mix."

HAZEL M. WHITE.

Kansas City, Mo.

Alice and the Wizard

AS A CONFIRMED "ALICE" FAN, I must protest Martin Gardner's article, "A Child's Garden of Bewilderment" [*SR*, July 17]. I challenge Mr. Gardner's statement that "It is instructive to compare Carroll with our own greatest writer of fairy tales, L. Frank Baum." Greatest? Well, well! I maintain that any comparison of the sort is patently ridiculous. The "Alice" books are unique, a manifestation of sheer genius. They cannot be classified, contrasted, or lumped with other books, nor do they need to be. Neither do they need to be annotated. The reader, child or adult, who does not at first exposure take Alice to his heart will be no fonder after she is explained to him.

But, since Mr. Gardner has posed the question, let me speak for those readers who rate the Oz books as entirely commonplace, pedestrian in style, characterization, concept, and story line. They were written for children, yes; also, and unfortunately, they were written *down* to children; they seldom rise above the level of the television fare viewed so constantly by present-day American youth—with what ultimate effect only time will tell. Ralph Ulveling, director of the Detroit Public Library, is to be commended for his judgment in not replacing on his shelves the old copies of the Oz books as they wear out. There are, indeed, hundreds of books now available for children that are not written down to them.

I find it most intriguing that Katherine Anne Porter and Lord Bertrand Russell have said that, as children, they were badly frightened by Alice's adventures. One may perhaps believe that Miss Porter drew upon this experience in creating the grisly characters in her *Ship of Fools*. But Lord Bertrand Russell? Surely there has been nothing in his adult attitudes or utterances to suggest an early traumatic timidity. Or am I wrong?

JEANNETTE C. NOLAN.

Indianapolis, Ind.

I WAS agreeably surprised to read Martin Gardner's comparison of L. Frank Baum's "Oz" books to the writings of Lewis Carroll. I had often wondered if there were any readers left with a nostalgic remembrance of the wonderful land of Oz and its fascinating residents.

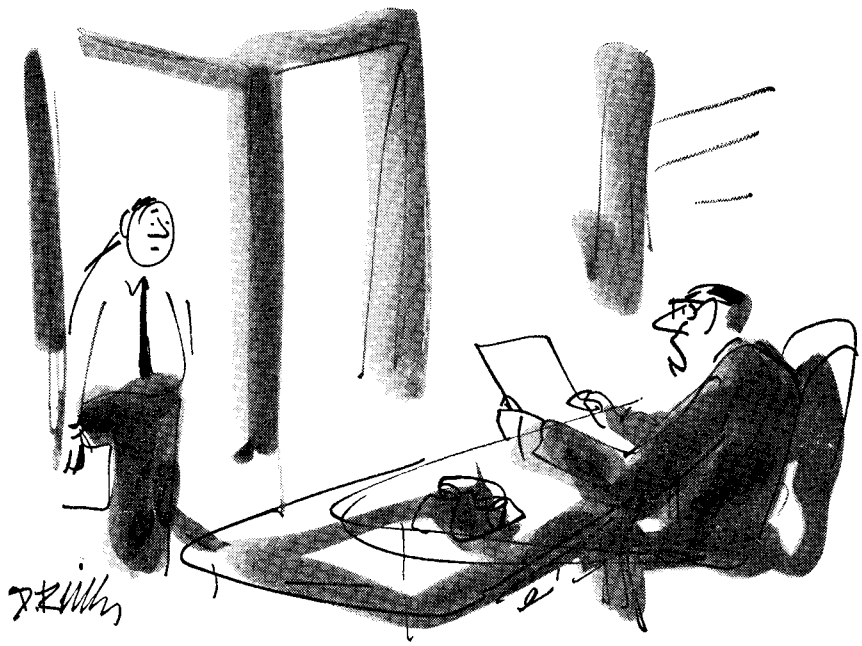
For many years I have been surreptitiously getting hold of any of these books which are still available. My children have read and reread them in the past fifteen years. I say I got hold of them surreptitiously because I am well aware of the dread manifesto issued against these "poorly written" books which fail to instruct, inform, or enrich" the young library patron of today. Do books need to "teach" something to be accepted, these days, in the Children's Departments?

Since I am a library student working for a master's degree, I am well acquainted with the name of Ralph Ulveling as a prominent public librarian, but I am inclined to agree with Mr. Gardner that children today need more fantasy to spin dreams on and a little less material concerning lasers and masers or space travel.

Incidentally, *Alice in Wonderland* is still one of the favorites in our household and is given a periodic rereading that enchants everyone in our family.

DOROTHY R. CHILDRESS.

Manhattan, Kan.



"Stop bothering me, Millsap—I'll let you know when you're washed up."

Britain's Worst Hour

NEVER BEFORE have my wife and I had anything but highest praise for Horace Sutton's articles, but, really, in the one of June 27 rating Britain's cuisine, he and Lord Geddes of the British Travel Association spent time on molehills when there is a towering mountain to tackle.

We spent May and June in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, fighting the battle of the cold toast. Where do you suppose we achieved victory?

Using only charm, persuasiveness, and ingenuity, we met defeat for forty-two successive mornings. But when we reached the Irish Republic, God Save the Queen, Lord Geddes, and the BTA, we requested and received freshly made toast, hot, neatly wrapped in a warm napkin, on a warm plate, and with a warm and sunny Irish smile.

Arise ye Britons! Arise Lord Geddes! Banish forever the "open-air toast server." Stop making toast the night before. When you have succeeded, we just might return.

In all justice, Mr. Sutton, we never found British food as terrible as it had been pictured to us by friends and writers. Those who do not thrive, as we do, on seafood and poultry might find it pretty grim. But, aside from breakfasts, we ate as well in Britain as we have ever eaten anywhere, at home or abroad.

C. L. ARNOLD.

Cincinnati, O.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Hard-Boiled School

JAMES M. CAIN, then in his early forties, published his first novel, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, in 1934. A newspaperman, first on the *Baltimore Sun* and then on the *New York World*, he had been persuaded by H. L. Mencken to write short stories for the *American Mercury*. When he turned to the novel, he had an immediate success, and later novels did as well. Several of his early works were made into moving pictures, and he spent many years in Hollywood.

After he had published two or three novels, Cain was frequently described as a leading member of the hard-boiled school. In 1940, after describing the trashy elements in *The Postman* and *Serenade*, Edmund Wilson wrote, "Yet even there [in *The Postman*] brilliant moments of insight redeemed the unconscious burlesque, and there is enough of the real poet in Cain—both in writing and in imagination—to make one hope for something better than either."

In *The Novel of Violence in America* W. H. Prohock said: "How far a novel could go at that moment on little more than a knowing exploitation of violence is clear from a rereading of writers like James M. Cain. Two things may be said of Cain with great assurance: nothing he ever wrote was completely outside the category of trash; in spite of the ultimate cheapness of his novels, an inordinate number of intelligent and fully literate people read him. He was translated in many parts of the world, and writers whose stature made him look stunted—of whom Camus in *The Stranger* is an example—paid him the compliment of imitation."

The Magician's Wife (Dial, $3.95), Cain's first novel in some time, follows in all essentials, as the publisher candidly admits, the pattern he developed more than thirty years ago. There is a minor variation in that the hero is not a more or less disreputable drifter but an up-and-coming executive of a meat-packing company. (He has been named as president by the time the novel ends.) This man, Clay Lockwood, stops for lunch at one of a chain of restaurants with which his firm does business, and is immediately impressed by the hostess: "She was indeed something to see, her small, trim figure nicely set off by her dark blue hostess uniform, her skin strawberry and cream, her hair dark, her eyes black and very large." After lunch he says, "Sally, I've fallen for you," and, as every reader of Cain knows, the only question is how long it will take them to get into bed together.

For once Cain slows the action. Sally quarrels with Clay, and he goes about his business, to which Cain devotes a surprising amount of space. But after Clay gets back to his apartment, Sally calls him and arranges to meet him at a moving picture theater. Clay is all set: "He wasn't a stranger to women, and in the games he had played with them had scored a bit, and most pleasantly. . . . But the games a student plays aren't really for keeps, and so he had gone his way blithely, with no wounds to mar his memories. Now, however, he would have to play as a pro . . . " She goes back with him to his apartment: "Now a tidal wave spread over them as their mouths came together and their hungry fingers dug in. Then, lifting her, he carried her back to the bedroom."

But, like other Cain heroines, she has a husband she would like to get rid of —Alexis, a magician, son of "a fabulously rich man." She wants, Clay suspects, to dispose of the father-in-law, too, and he decides to have nothing more to do with her. He says to himself, "You're through—you don't see that girl any more." But no experienced reader will believe it for a moment.

There are many complications. Sally has a youthful, good-looking, well-dressed, widowed mother, Grace Simone, whom Clay finds attractive. Having met Alexis in a business way, Clay announces to Sally, "I can't shake his hand and sleep with his wife." But Sally relentlessly carries out her program, and in due season her wealthy father-in-law dies in suspicious circumstances. Although Clay continues to admire Mrs. Simone and to distrust Sally, he arranges to marry the latter.

It is unfair to reveal too much of the plot of a novel of this sort, and I do not intend to do so; but no one will be surprised to learn that Clay kills Alexis; otherwise, of course, there would be no story. Clay's murder, however, is nowhere near the climax of the novel; all sorts of things happen after that—a marriage, a trial, another murder, and so on.

Cain's characters, as usual, are merely sketched. In informing Clay that he is to be promoted, Pat Grant says, only partly facetiously: "As I see it, we need

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a commanding type, a guy with a loud voice, a fist like a Grant gold-medal ham, a thick neck, an aggressive way with clients, and a mania for selling meat in eighteen different ways that never were thought of before, most of them vulgar, pushing, and rude. Or, in other words, Clay, you."

Of Sally we know chiefly that she wants what she wants when she wants it, and is not particular about how she gets it. "When I'm put upon," she tells Clay after she has messed up his apartment, "I have to do something back—I can't help it, it's how I am." Later she tells him: "The old man played me tricks and choked to death, so it seems. Alec played me tricks and drowned, so it seems. She played me tricks and she'll burn, as it will seem." When she is wrought up, her adrenalin gland is excessively stimulated, and she smells, so Cain tells us, like a rattlesnake. She can't help it; it's how she is.

Edmund Wilson in 1940 hoped that Cain might go on to do something better, but he didn't, and here, in this production of his later years, he has merely repeated himself. There is as much trash as ever; for instance: "She got up and turned on the floor lamp back of her chair, standing before him naked. 'Can't we just have our beautiful hour?' she asked softly. But her eyes did not correspond with her voice or, for that matter, with her white, childish loveliness. They were cold, hard, and crafty."

That Cain was at one time taken seriously is hard to understand. He has always known how to keep a story moving, and in *The Magician's Wife* action follows action with such speed that the reader may temporarily overlook the faults. But at best it is only a diversion, and there are better diversions on the market. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1149

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1126 will be found in the next issue.

CMM JRL TXFCM LOAJMRGXJFA

CLO DCNO XF C AGCGO JT DXFN

SZXIZ XA FJG YJXFY GJ MCAG.

QLJRAG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1148

"Know thyself?" If I knew myself, I'd run away. —Goethe.

ON THE FRINGE

Through the Years With Ethel and Albert

ON THE assumption that you've always wanted to attend a séance, let me tell you about the one I went to thanks to Hans Holzer, a psychic Sherlock and the author of *Ghosts I've Met* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5). I suppose I'd better begin this account with a statement as to where I stand on the spirit world. Never having met a ghost—knock wood—I do not believe in them. Then again, I have never met Elizabeth Taylor but, boy, do I believe in her. Let's say I'm an open-minded skeptic, which was my attitude throughout.

Ringwood Manor, where the séance took place, is in Ringwood Manor State Park, in northern Passaic County, New Jersey. The history of Ringwood begins in approximately 1740 with the founding of one of this country's first iron mines, a mine that supplied at least part of the chain used to blockade the Hudson River during the Revolutionary War. Washington is known to have visited the first Ringwood Manor at least three times before it was destroyed by fire during the Revolution. Begun about 1810, the current Manor has been changed and added to throughout the years by its owners, the most famous of whom was Peter Cooper, founder of Cooper Union in New York City. Ringwood Manor today is a sprawling architectural meld of bay windows, Ionic columns, and gables on a lovely hillside in the Ramapo Mountains. Most of its rooms have been restored, and the house is open to the public at a nominal charge.

I drove up with James Byrne, in charge of publicity for Mr. Holzer's publishers. It was a good day for a séance, a sunny afternoon with dark clouds starting to move in. En route we passed a hearse and a Pepsi sign with "Come Alive" on it in bold letters—two omens which made me feel happily creepy.

In front of Ringwood Manor, we met the others who would attend the séance. They were:

Mr. Alex Waldron, former superintendent of Ringwood Manor State Park. It was his experience that had brought us all to the Manor. He had been working in his office, the room in the Manor through which all visitors to the house enter. The time was between 3:30 and 4:30 of a bright afternoon. "I heard two fellows walking down the hall that leads to the office. I knew there were two because they were out of cadence. Their footsteps were heavy—as if they were carrying something. I was busy and not really paying attention; there were often workmen around the house. When they got to the door behind me, they stopped. I reached around and opened the door for them, thinking their hands were full. There was no one there. I checked down the hall, the only place they could have gone. There was no one."

Mrs. Claire Tholl, who had written the letter about the footsteps to Hans Holzer. In her own visits to Ringwood Manor she had experienced nothing more definite than "a feeling of a presence."

Mr. Wayne Daniels, a friend of Mrs. Tholl and a consultant on the restoration and reconstruction of old houses; he claimed that there were two rooms in the house that "felt strange" to him.

Mr. Hans Holzer, in charge of the entire investigation, including the questioning of Mrs. Tholl and Mr. Waldron before we entered the Manor.

Mrs. Ethel Meyers, voice coach and trance medium. She had driven up with Hans Holzer, who said that he had told her nothing about the place they were going to. She waited in the car during the preliminary questioning so that she wouldn't have any facts which might cast doubt on anything occurring during the séance.

Mrs. Hans Holzer, who kept Mrs. Meyers company in the car. Mrs. Holzer carried a camera, which she was going to use during the séance in the hope of snapping something unseen (she didn't).

When Hans finished with his questions, Mrs. Holzer and Ethel Meyers joined us. We all entered Ringwood Manor and started down the narrow, gloomy, wooden hallway from which Mr. Waldron's footsteps had come. Suddenly, Ethel Meyers pressed a hand to her bosom. "I felt a man looking in the window at me."

I looked out the wide hall window. There were white lilac, bright sunlight, and the advancing dark clouds. Nothing else.

We were deep into the hall now. Dark, unfinished rooms were off to our left. Ethel Meyers said to Hans Holzer, "I felt a terrible pressure of the heart back there."

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Hans: "There is a feeling in the atmosphere."

Ethel: "Yes, it is heavy."

Another few steps.

Ethel: "There is something funny here. It grabs."

Hans: "Let them guide you to whatever area . . ."

Ethel: "I feel a tremendous amount of hate. Someone has died under a curse."

I still felt nothing.

Suddenly, Ethel Meyers stopped. She seemed puzzled. "Does the name Jackson mean anything? Jackson White?"

"That's not a name of a person," Mrs. Tholl said. "It's what the descendants of the runaway slaves who went up into the hills and interbred with the local Indians call themselves."

When we came to the restored bedroom that had once belonged to Mrs. Abram Hewitt, the daughter of Peter Cooper, Ethel Meyers said: "I need courage to go in. Whoever went out in this room went out with a bad conscience."

"This is a pretty large room," Hans Holzer told his tape recorder.

Ethel: "There is a presence here that is not friendly. A man and a woman are miles apart. Is there another way out of this room?"

HANS opened a door and we all trooped through a large bathroom into a small room with blue plaster walls and a black marble fireplace. There was an antique piano, a round table, and several chairs. Light filtered through shrubbery outside the five narrow windows along one wall.

Ethel Meyers sat down at the table and closed her eyes. Her breathing grew heavy. I sat on her right, Hans with his tape recorder on her left, Mrs. Holzer and camera on my right opposite her husband. James Byrne took the fifth seat. Mr. Waldron was in a corner by the windows, Mr. Daniels leaned against the fireplace, and Mrs. Tholl was at the piano, her tape recorder in action.

Ethel Meyers's breathing was deep and raspy and sounded loud enough to be all three Barrymores in concert. Hans said to me, "Mrs. Meyers slips into a trance all by herself."

Then Ethel Meyers spoke in a tight, pinched voice that seemed to have a slight touch of Irish in it. "Hello, Mr. Holzer, this is Florence."

Hans looked surprised. "Florence is a well-known medium who passed away two weeks ago."

Ethel-Florence, who had no right being in Ringwood Manor, prattled on interminably about her busy afterlife. "The President of the United States came to see me. He has fear in him. He . . ."

Hans finally cut her off with a curt thank you. A new voice spoke through Ethel Meyers. It was deeper than Florence's and belonged to Albert, the medium's "control" in the other world. He apologized for Florence.

Hans: "Is there anyone here who requires our help?"

Ethel-Albert: "There are two or more stories here. I will try to untangle them. There is more than one heartfelt tragedy here. I must turn back time to look. I must see it clearly before I speak."

ALBERT went away, leaving us alone with Ethel's breathing. Holzer signaled his wife to have her camera ready. She was having difficulties. While instructions flew back and forth through the gloom, a hysterical female voice—she identified herself only as Lucy—popped out of Ethel: "I didn't. Before my God, I didn't."

Hans: "We are your friends."

Ethel-Lucy pointed to her left side. "I can't walk. I can't walk! I didn't take it!" Ethel-Lucy, who had a slight Irish accent, grabbed Holzer's arm. "Where are you? Where's a friend? Don't go away. Jeremiah? Do you hear? Where are you, friend? I have never stolen. Before God, I have never stolen. . . ."

Holzer had to pry himself free of Ethel-Lucy. He told Albert to take her away but before she left he asked Lucy to "tell me the name of the person who has wronged you."

For an answer he got Mrs. Meyers's breathing. Suddenly, she sat imperiously upright. A regal female voice boomed out. "I have wronged no one." She thumped the table sharply. "Go!" Thump again. "Take this unearthly creature from here, this thief!"

While the unnamed lady was thumping out her orders in a voice touched with Prussian—and Irish—Holzer was busy rewinding his tape spool and Mrs. Holzer was struggling again with her camera. The last light was seeping out of the room.

Holzer asked the lady her name. He got back an aloof "I sit in my own dwelling and I need not be responsible to you. I am in no court of justice."

Hans: "What did the girl take?"

Ethel-Lady: "I am not divulging to you."

Since the lady was so uncooperative, Hans decided to put her at rest by telling her she was dead. He told her that she was speaking through "an instrument," as Mrs. Meyers-in-trance was called. Ethel-Lady reached up and felt her face and glasses. "What is this?" She peered down into the table top.

Hans: "You have died."

Ethel-Lady: "Call a doctor. Tell the girl to put it back. It was my mother's. I can't see. I am dying."

Mrs. Meyers collapsed face down on the table. A moment later she started

"I'll be amazed if you communicate with him; I never could."

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mumbling in a deeper, masculine voice.

Hans: "Sit up and speak freely."

Ethel: "Whatsa matter everybody?" She sounded like a drunken Barry Fitzgerald.

Hans: "Who are you?"

Ethel: "Jeremiah."

Hans: "Well, we've got the whole cast."

Ethel-Jeremiah: "Dammit, who are you? Yer one of those white trashes."

Hans: "Who owns this house?"

Ethel-Jeremiah: "None of yer damn business. Yer white trash."

Several "white trashes" and no facts later, Hans decided it was time for Jeremiah to hit the road. "You're dead. You can't stay around here and make noise."

Ethel-Jeremiah: "Look at my back. They whipped me yesterday. Look at Red Fox, my squaw. (Ethel-Jeremiah put his/her hand to her/his mouth and gave a war whoop.) Do you hear that? My Lucy never walked again. I was told, live in forest like your forebears did. Don't covet money and the white woman."

Hans: "Albert, please take him out and bring back the instrument."

Ethel-Albert: "My instrument is drained. Please make a ring of energy."

We joined hands around the table giving, I believe, some of our energy to Mrs. Meyers, who came to, asking:

"Where's Albert? My hips hurt. Do you hear screaming? I didn't fall?"

We returned to the Hewitt bedroom, where Hans commented on what we had heard. He felt the remark about Jackson Whites was most interesting since "I didn't tell her we were going to Ringworm [sic]." As for Florence's dropping in—and Mrs. Meyers said she didn't know that Florence had died—Hans said, looking vaguely around the room: "She was a lousy trance medium. I'm sorry, Florence, but you were."

Concerning the other voices, Hans said they would be tough to check out historically as we had not been given last names or dates and because cases of servant thefts were usually dealt with by their masters, not the law.

We finished our evening by touring the rest of the house, which Mrs. Meyers found "fantastically alive." After assorted goodnights and the clicks of dying tape recorders, we headed in our separate directions. A half-hour later I was tangling with spirits again. They came at me out of shot glasses, and I believed in every one of them.

—Haskel Frankel.

A Roadway Called War

***Guns at the Forks,** by Walter O'Meara (Prentice-Hall. 273 pp. $6.95), the first volume in a projected American Forts Series, tells of the battle between French and English for the "hub of the continent" during the 1750s, and of their simultaneous efforts to subdue the wilderness. Esmond Wright, professor of modern history at the University of Glasgow and chairman of the British Association for American Studies, wrote "Washington and the American Revolution" and "Fabric of Freedom."*

By ESMOND WRIGHT

WALTER O'MEARA has already to his credit as novelist and historian several studies of the Canadian fur trade and the Spanish Southwest. His theme here is the story of Pittsburgh between 1753 and 1765—or, rather, the story of the five forts that were built in succession in these years at the forks of the Ohio River: Fort Prince George, Fort Duquesne, Mercer's Fort, Fort Pitt, and Fort Fayette. He relates it all without benefit of footnote but after a thorough reading of the sources, as his bibliography testifies; and his account of Braddock's defeat, drawing on Stanley M. Paragellis's researches, takes account of the latest estimates. For the most part *Guns at the Forks* is a straightforward tale; O'Meara does not need to embroider or romanticize, for his subject provides in itself as exciting a narrative as any chronicler could wish.

The forks of the Ohio in the 1750s were the hub of the continent, on whose future the destiny of North America turned. In a great arc around La Belle Rivière (as the French properly called the Ohio) lay the citadels and outposts, the fur centers, mission stations, and headquarters of the Army and Marine of New France. They ringed the English coastal settlements, from Louisbourg and Quebec through Fort Frontenac and Fort Niagara to Detroit and St. Joseph in the West, to Vincennes, Chartres, and Kaskaskia in the Southwest, and on to the Gulf itself.

If thin in numbers and widely scattered, the French were well led from first almost to last. They had a single-minded devotion to their cause, and, free from the restraints of the Puritan ethic and the British taste for racial separation, they had always handled the Indians with great skill (the Iroquois excepted). Only when the British discovered scouts and traders with similar skills and addictions, like Cresap and Croghan, Weiser and Johnson—most of them, significantly, non-English—did their Indian diplomacy have a similar success. Save at two points, the Hudson-Champlain gap and the difficut country between the Blue Ridge and the Ohio, the French were invulnerable.

For their part, the British settlements were superior in numbers and in resources. But on their frontiers they were changing in character. Ethnically they were increasingly Scottish, Scotch-Irish, and German. Slow to advance across the mountains, they were slow to defend themselves when attacked (except by asking for regular troops from home, for whom—before or afterwards—they were most unwilling to pay). They were, furthermore, stubbornly civilian-minded.

In the first years of the struggle the advantage lay with France. And Mr. O'Meara gives a vivid account of the efforts by the successive French commanders, Duquesne, Contrecoeur, Vaudreuil, and Montcalm, to build and maintain a line of forts south from Lake Erie to hold off the British advance, and especially of their efforts to maintain an impregnable bastion at the point where the Allegheny and the Monongahela meet to form the Ohio. By contrast, the

(*Continued on page* 47)

Mr. Clean

By Ellen Count

I'VE got the disease and the doctors'
sterile techniques can't touch me—
I'm in the country beyond cure,
My dust eternal on the floor,
lodging in cracks—it's you
I need, O my impossibly brawny one!

I am this nation of kneeling women
(holding a bottle shaped like a man)
praying to a label . . . Idol,
here lies your niche. Unfold
the super arms, ungrit the teeth
behind that smile,
peel off the plastered shirt
and come and help me with my
dirty work.

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Hope and Sorrow in the South

The flesh and blood and spirit that have given a new definition to the word Freedom surge through eight new books about the civil rights struggle in the Deep South: ***Letters from Mississippi,*** *edited by Elizabeth Sutherland (McGraw-Hill. 234 pp. $4.95);* ***Freedom Summer,*** *by Sally Belfrage (Viking. 246 pp. $5);* ***Three Lives for Mississippi,*** *by William Bradford Huie (Trident, 254 pp. $4.95);* ***"I Do So Politely": A Voice from the South,*** *by Robert Canzoneri (Houghton Mifflin. 182 pp. $4);* ***The Past That Would Not Die,*** *by Walter Lord (Harper & Row. 275 pp. $4.95);* ***Mississippi from Within,*** *by Shirley Tucker (Arco. 144 pp. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95);* ***Mississippi Black Paper,*** *collected by the Council of Federated Organizations (Random House. 92 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95), and* ***Mississippi: The Long, Hot Summer,*** *by William McCord (Norton. 222 pp. $4.50). Charles Shapiro, the author of "Theodore Dreiser: Our Bitter Patriot," teaches at Briarcliff College. He has been active in the freedom movement.*

By CHARLES SHAPIRO

ANY MEANINGFUL discussion of the recent avalanche of volumes about Mississippi's sorry history should begin and end with Elizabeth Sutherland's superb collection of letters from some of the 650 volunteers ("mostly Northerners and mostly white and mostly students") who went south last summer to work for freedom. Their letters, in which youthful hope triumphs over occasional despair, are so honest, so revealing that time and time again they tear at your heart. Against their sincerity and anguish all other books on the topic must be measured, just as over and over these correspondents measured their new experiences against the values drilled into them by a safe, comfortable, and essentially selfish suburban world.

These students were and are idealists in a time when their generation too often plays it cool, belittling passion and involvement. As idealists they suffer moments of doubt about their personal motivations and their potential courage. In seeking to understand their mission they learn about themselves. One undergraduate berates his past at Stanford "among the rather insipid and spoilt, egocentric products of the middle class." Another, writing on July 2, 1964 (the day President Johnson signed our Civil Rights Bill), observes: "The women make up the lion's share of the movement. . . .Perhaps the major reason is that the women seem to have the calm courage. . . ."

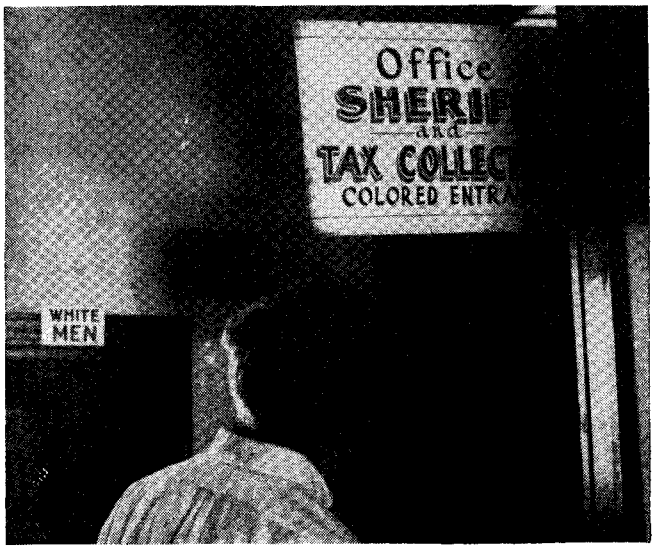
Letters from Mississippi traces the volunteers' summer, from orientation sessions to the actualities of nonviolent combat. "The hardest of all to take are the 'Uncle Toms,' who sit in on our mass meetings, visit the homes we're staying in, gathering all the information they can to sell to the White Citizens Council. . . ."

Thirty-seven Negro churches were bombed or burned during the summer, but the real enemy to overcome was the years of subjugation and enforced apathy. In Mound Bayou, for but one flagrant example, "The county superintendent of schools ordered that neither foreign languages nor civics shall be taught in any Negro schools, nor shall American history from 1860-1875 be taught . . . ," and in Hattiesburg a teacher in a newly set up freedom school discovers that her pupils "are surprised to hear that the law is on their side, because they hear only about the laws of Mississippi in their schools. . . ."

Writing from jail, one young man thinks about all he has learned:

> Oh, God, I don't know what to do about my white brothers. All the assumptions, implicit or explicit, pragmatic or theoretical, of the "white-is-right-Anglo-Saxon-uber-alles" variety are part of what keeps me in this jail. . . . As you and I have found, abstract support for "Civil Rights"—the newspapers and other outsiders call it Civil Rights and we call it *Freedom*—isn't worth much to the people who are catching hell. You've got to catch some of the hell yourself. . . .

In *Freedom Summer* Sally Belfrage,



—From "Mississippi from Within."

Can the old rules (left) be maintained against the informed voter?

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one of the Council of Federated Organizations volunteers, covers the same ground as the letters; but here we have one steady focus, one personality throughout. Miss Belfrage reviews her summer, from the hectic orientation sessions in Ohio to her assignment in Greenwood, Mississippi, where she worked as a librarian and participated in demonstrations that resulted in her being jailed for five days. At the conclusion of the summer she went to Atlantic City to help in the fight to seat the delegation representing the Freedom Democratic Party. A superb reporter, she catches the spirit of the workers and conveys a sense of the pressures of a perpetual crisis situation. She quotes excerpts from speeches given during the summer, one of the more impressive being the remarks of a young, thin girl after the shooting of Silas McGhee: "These people are goin' to do it again, and we got to fight harder and harder, they gonna arrest us, and let me tell you it's no *fun* in jail! . . . I think you should stand together as Negroes, and be proud of it!" How the Greenwood community began to stand together is at the heart of Miss Belfrage's fine account.

Haunting every page of these books is our memory of the brutal murders of three of the workers, James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner, an event that momentarily shocked us into awareness. William Bradford Huie's account of this tragedy, *Three Lives for Mississippi*, explores the killings as well as some of the background. Despite the vulgarity of the promotional material and advertisements for this work (". . . Land of moonlight, magnolias, and murder"), Huie, for the most part, avoids being deliberately sensational. As a Southerner himself, he can't help but feel rage and sorrow, and as he patiently reconstructs the days leading to the fatal evening, we come, to some extent, to understand the participants on both sides. Huie is especially good in delineating the work of Michael Schwerner and his wife, in making us sense some of their fervor, some of their hopes.

His reportage with respect to the killers and their many collaborators was, of course, handicapped by a kept police and a cowardly citizenry—this despite the fact that, as he notes, many Mississipians "tried to accept the Civil Rights Act as the law of the land." He concludes that forty or more men and women, citizens of Mississippi and America, collaborated in a well-planned murder.

> "When this night's over," a citizen declared, "they'll know how Mississippi stands. They'll know we're not gonna take it! Not now or ever! They're not gonna cram niggers into our schools or restaurants, and no more niggers are gonna vote in Mississippi. Martin Luther King may run the rest of the country, but he ain't gonna run Mississippi. And every Communist-atheist-nigger-loving-bearded-Jew-sonofabitch who comes down here looking for trouble is gonna find it!"

Huie quotes a conversation with one of the murderers. They have been discussing Schwerner's philosophy, and Huie has admitted that Schwerner had called himself an atheist.

> "He did, huh? He didn't believe in *nothing*?" . . . .
> "He believed in *you*!"
> "In me! What the hell!"
> "Yeah," I said. "He believed in you. He believed love could conquer hate. He believed love could change even you. He didn't think you were hopeless. That's what got him killed."

Perhaps the best way to understand the sorrow of Mississippi and the other deep Southern states is to listen to personal testimony, and Robert Canzoneri, a native of the state, gives us a bit of help in his informal, rambling autobiography, an overwritten, often patronizing account of revealing moments in his life, moments that he feels illuminate his contention that "we Southern white people have lived side by side, back door to back door with the Negro for all these many years, but we do not really know who he is or what he thinks." This, of course, is not exactly the revelation of the century, but Canzoneri does have a number of brief, interesting examples of the Negro-white confrontation.

There was, for instance, "Blind Jim," an elderly, poor Negro man who was strategically placed at "Ole Miss" football games to wave a Confederate flag, "a willing sort of blind slave to condescending students and their cast-off money." While the South is devoutly religious, Canzoneri acknowledges that, like everywhere else, it is largely "un-Christian."

And he tells about an elderly minister who faced a group of younger ministers, upstarts who dared to think about integrating their churches. "Now, brethren," said the older man, "you must deal with your own consciences on this matter. But I just want to tell you where *I* stand. I stand exactly where Jesus stood—right in the middle of the road."

Unfortunately, time and again, Canzoneri emphasizes that Mississippi is

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

DOUBLE TROUBLE

J. M. F. Leaper of Lansdale, Pennsylvania, has compiled a dozen pairs of annoyingly similar titles, and he asks you to choose the correct author from the list in Column Two. Answers on page 64.

1. Adam's Breed	( ) Kingsley Amis
2. Adam's Opera	( ) Sherwood Anderson
3. The Apple Cart	( ) J. M. Barrie
4. The Apple Tree	( ) Joyce Cary
5. The Brownings	( ) Willa Cather
6. The Browning Version	( ) Agatha Christie
7. The Dark Is Light Enough	( ) Irvin Cobb
8. Lighten Our Darkness	( ) Clemence Dane
9. Death Comes as the End	( ) A. Conan Doyle
10. Death Comes for the Archbishop	( ) Christopher Fry
11. The Five Red Herrings	( ) John Galsworthy
12. The Five Orange Pips	( ) Radcliffe Hall
13. Horses and Men	( ) Robert Keable
14. The Horse's Mouth	( ) W. S. Maugham
15. The Land of Promise	( ) Viola Meynell
16. The Land of Spices	( ) Viola Meynell
17. Lucky Boy	( ) Kate O'Brian
18. Lucky Jim	( ) Terence Rattigan
19. Quality Folk	( ) Naomi Royce-Smith
20. Quality Street	( ) Dorothy Sayers
21. The Virginian	( ) Bernard Shaw
22. The Virginians	( ) W. M. Thackeray
23. The Whistling Thief	( ) Katherine Tynan
24. The Whistling Chambermaid	( ) Owen Wister

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just every place else writ large. It isn't; and the author cuts closer to the truth when he states that "being fair in Mississippi is, I believe, a bigger task than anyone outside can imagine."

Canzoneri's title, *I Do So Politely*, is taken from the lips of Governor Ross Barnett, who used that very phrase as, with the courtesy of the true Southern white gentleman and hypocrite, he refused entrance to James Meredith when that student attempted to enroll at the University of Mississippi. But Meredith did become the first Negro at Ole Miss.

How this came about is described in Walter Lord's *The Past That Would Not Die*, a smooth, competent piece of journalistic reconstruction that somehow seems more documentary than human. The author, however, isn't afraid to place blame, even on President Eisenhower for his disgraceful silence after the Supreme Court school desegregation decision of 1954, a silence that gave a good deal of comfort to the bigots. Lord's history progresses to Thursday, December 1, 1955, that fateful day in Montgomery, Alabama, when a Negro seamstress, Mrs. Rosa Parks, refused to go to the rear of the Cleveland Avenue bus, and a twenty-seven-year-old Baptist minister, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., added a new voice to freedom.

Lord gives us the facts of the litigation involved as well as an exciting recapitulation of the riot at Oxford. We are shown the patient workers who, under the leadership of Robert Kennedy, successfully directed the fight for Meredith's admission; and we are presented with the sorry gallantry of Mississippians who disgraced themselves as they tried to block history. The quality of the opposition is perhaps summed up by a quote (exactly as printed) from the *States Rights Advocate*, published by the Montgomery Citizens' Council:

> John Kennedy's Administration is unparalleled in the history of the United States for bunders and plain bad government. Kennedy was trainned in the school of Boston backstreet politics. The atmosphere was one of hoodlumism and corruption. It is no wonder that the present occupant of the White House, a descendent of a Boston salon keeper, has acted the way he has.

Similar journalistic gems are the substance of Shirley Tucker's unusual anthology, *Mississippi from Within*, a collection of excerpts from Mississippi's twenty daily newspapers from July 2, 1964 (the day the Civil Rights Act was signed) to May 1965. The hate and stupidity mirrored in this fascinating, frightening collection are counterbalanced by photographs that, time and time again, give lie to the vicious statements disguised as news items (frequently contradictory) in the Mississippi press concerning civil rights workers. Ross Barnett may be quoted in the *Delta Democrat Times* as proclaiming that these "traveling agitators" talk through their noses and wear clothes that "make me think that the scarecrows on my farm in Madison, Mississippi, have started dressing for dinner"; yet the pictures in the book show the "agitators" hard at work teaching school and helping with voter registration, and, while not dressed for the summer prom, they are clean and decently attired.

IN *Mississippi Black Paper* a collection of notarized affidavits testify to the brutality and stupidity of what Reinhold Niebuhr calls "a society in which the instruments of justice are tools of *in*justice." These statements were collected by the Council of Federated Organizations "for the purpose of offering them in evidence in a suit brought against Sheriff Rainey—both as an individual and as a representative of similar public servants in all eighty-two counties of Mississippi—and other state officials." The fifty-seven documents in the book, culled from 257, portray incidents of terror and violence that, at times, seem unbelievable.

In his introduction, Hodding Carter asks, "What can a white Mississippian say in the face of these affidavits?" and attributes the atrocities to the silence of good men. Once more we hear that "Mississippi has no more than its share of bad or twisted individuals," that Mississippi, according to FBI records, is one of the most "crime-free" states in the nation. Mr. Carter, an honored and courageous editor, must know better. Mississippi has a low *recorded* crime rate; and the Southern white man, impoverished, miseducated, and deluded by opportunistic state officials and bigoted clergymen, can't help but be more twisted than some of his Northern counterparts.

One of the men working for freedom last summer in Mississippi was William McCord, a Stanford sociologist. Although his book, *Mississippi: The Long, Hot Summer*, switches too frequently from the language of passion to the prose of the Ph.D., it records a remarkable series of adventures and provides much useful background material. Mr. McCord believes that about 25 per cent of Mississippi Negroes can be considered active participants in the struggle for liberty. "Often drawn from the ranks of younger, urban people, it is this group which has joined the Freedom Democratic Party, marched on picket lines, led boycotts, and risked jail sentences . . . these people . . . represent the Negroes of the future." One future leader might well be a twelve-year-old boy enrolled in the Freedom School at Clarksdale whose essay is quoted by McCord:

> Life in Mississippi is very hard and cruel. The people can't vote, go to school, go to a public place, such as parks, restaurants, hospitals, and hotels. On the subject of law, there is no such thing as justice for Negroes. The Negro people are persecuted, intimidated, and blamed for all crimes that are committed.
>
> The Negro lives in a shack not fit for a dog. I pray that a big wind storm do not come, for their will be no shack for the Negro to live and their surely will be death.
>
> So God please set my people free.

The struggle continues. This summer in Alabama, Georgia, and other Southern states a massive voter registration drive is being conducted by college students under the direction of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. As this review is being written the project (known as SCOPE) is under attack by the newspapers in Alabama. At Tuskegee Institute a Summer Education Program, organized under President Johnson's Anti-Poverty Program, is providing educational opportunities for "disadvantaged" youth and adults in eleven counties. Seven hundred college students are now hard at work on tutoring, community development, and cultural enrichment programs. Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of SEP, conceived by P. B. Phillips, Dean of Students at Tuskegee Institute, is that it will include instruction for adult illiterates and high-school dropouts.

If one ever doubts the outcome of the continuing fight for freedom, there are the *Letters from Mississippi* to return to again, particularly the ones recounting the memorial services for the slain workers. One college girl who attended the services was moved to wonder just how the Negroes have been able to take so much abuse for so long. "Our kids . . . have a dream of freedom in which both races understand and accept each other. There is such an overpowering task ahead of these kids that sometimes I can't do anything but cry for them. I hope they are up to the task. . . ."

Recently I had the occasion to exchange a few words with the deacon of a church that was resisting the entrance of an integrated group. Looking down at me (I was on my knees at the time) this pride of Alabama asked why I was part of such a group. I told him that we were all "children of God." "If you believed in God, you wouldn't be here!" he shouted, stalking off to be sure that the back door of the church was guarded.

His children must be taught different.

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The Kazantzakis Report

Report to Greco, *by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from the Greek by P. A. Bien (Simon & Schuster. 512 pp. $7.50), a confession in the form of fiction, is addressed to the novelist's fellow-Cretan El Greco. Kimon Friar translated "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel."*

By KIMON FRIAR

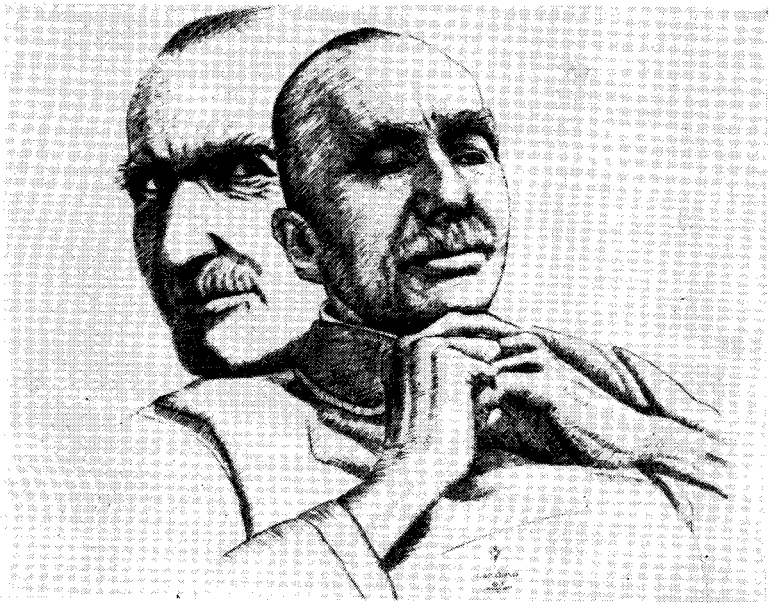
NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS wrote *Report to Greco* just before his death, and it must rank not only among his major works and as a key to all his others, but among the world's great *apologia vitae*. Though the Greek edition carries the subtitle "A Novel," and in the first sentence of his introduction the author declares that "My *Report to Greco* is not an autobiography," Kazantzakis means by this only that he has cast the factual details of his life on the garbage heap and concerned himself with tracing the essences of various episodes and trying to distill from these a final quintessence.

By "A Novel" he further meant to imply that he has mingled fact and fancy and created a fabrication which, though perhaps untrue to deed or chronology, is never untrue to the intrinsic nature of what actually took place, since all life, according to Kazantzakis, is recreated by each man in his own image.

And yet, because Kazantzakis could not think in abstract terms, whatever he distilled from life is here expressed in narrative, anecdote, parable, characterization, and metaphor, until the boundaries between reality and imagination disappear and a new world of inner validity is created: "God took mud to create the world, I took words."

Report to Greco is cast in the form of a confession, an accounting to Kazantzakis's fellow-Cretan Domenicos Theotocopoulos, familiarly known as El Greco. Since throughout his life Kazantzakis found few living persons he could admire or emulate, he turned to great figures of the past: Buddha, Christ, Mohammed, Lenin, Don Quixote, Moses, Alexander the Great, Dante, Shakespeare, Leonardo da Vinci, Nietzsche, Greco, to most of whom he wrote a series of poems in *terza rima*. His final report on what he had gleaned from all the others he addressed to Greco, who possessed what Kazantzakis termed "the Cretan Glance."

Caught between Africa, Asia, and Europe, Crete throughout her history has striven to synthesize opposing dualities, conflicting ways of life. Greco's figures are twisted and consumed in an agony to leap out of the confines of flesh; they are "saints who had melted away and become blazing candles." "The moment I want to paint," Kazantzakis imagines Greco saying, "is the moment when God's creations are burning, just before they turn to ashes." This was Kazantzakis's long agony in life: how to transform flesh into spirit and how to wring from flame its final fruit, that of light. "Take the flames that are burning you, take them and turn them into light. Then blow out the light."



—*Sketch by John Condino.*

Nikos Kazantzakis—"a final quintessence."

Ever since in early childhood Kazantzakis read with terror and delight the penny-dreadful *Lives of the Saints*, he thirsted for sainthood with its martyrdoms and tortures. Like Yeats, he conceived of life as tragedy, as a tormented struggle between carnal and spiritual forces. But though he pursued every savior, every road to its disillusioning end, he found not paradise, salvation, happiness, or immortality, but the same obliterating abyss. All his books are hastily built pontoons in various foredoomed attempts to cross that gulf. Finally Kazantzakis embraced the abyss itself, in an annihilation of all hope.

In line with his early conditioning, however, he transformed the Great Negation into affirmation by accepting it with fierce exaltation. Life was a powerful, amoral force, utterly indifferent to man's fate, using atoms and men as though it had a purpose. In his first analysis of this Bergsonian *élan vital* Kazantzakis saw that good and evil are enemies; in his second, that they are fellow-workers; in his third, that they are One, and at last that even this One does not exist.

Bergson gave him the metaphysical key, but Nietzsche provided the Antichrist, the hero-saint who was to be Kazantzakis's standard of greatness until he created his ultimate hero in the likeness of his heart's desire: Odysseus. "I created him," he reports to Greco, "in order to face the abyss calmly, and in creating him I strove to resemble him. I myself was being created. I entrusted all my yearning to this Odysseus. . . . Whatever I yearned for and was unable to attain, he would attain." Kazantzakis took the savage, cunning, barbarous man of many devices as created by Homer and, in his own *Odyssey*, slowly transformed him into a revolutionary, an ascetic, a saint, a savior who tried to save the world from salvation. "God is not man's ancestor," Kazantzakis declares, "but his descendant."

Kazantzakis died before he could revise and expand his *Report*. As it now stands, the first part is a loose series of narratives and anecdotes, all illuminating, all searing traces of a gigantic struggle. The second section, which he partly revised, is more strongly tied to his main thesis as I have outlined it here. Had Kazantzakis lived he would have given it a tighter and more thematic unity.

Peter Bien is, I think, the best of Kazantzakis translators, but his own gentle and donnish nature is opposed to the master's rough-hewn and savage style. Kazantzakis disdained a polished style, for he wrote "not for beauty but for deliverance."

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The Writer as Subject

***A Story for Teddy—and Others,** by Harvey Swados (Simon & Schuster. 220 pp. $5), is a collection of eleven short stories, often dealing with the development of the writer, that "professional thinker among artists." Emile Capouya's essays and literary criticism appear regularly in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

MR. HARVEY SWADOS reminds me irresistibly of Gawain le Coeur Hardy, the very worst student at the Knights' School. He is so out of things. All he is good for is slaying dragons, and we are after passing a resolution that there aren't any dragons, and that it's bad taste to slay them. He is an anachronism. He harks back to the muscular spirituality of the Thirties, when crusades were in.

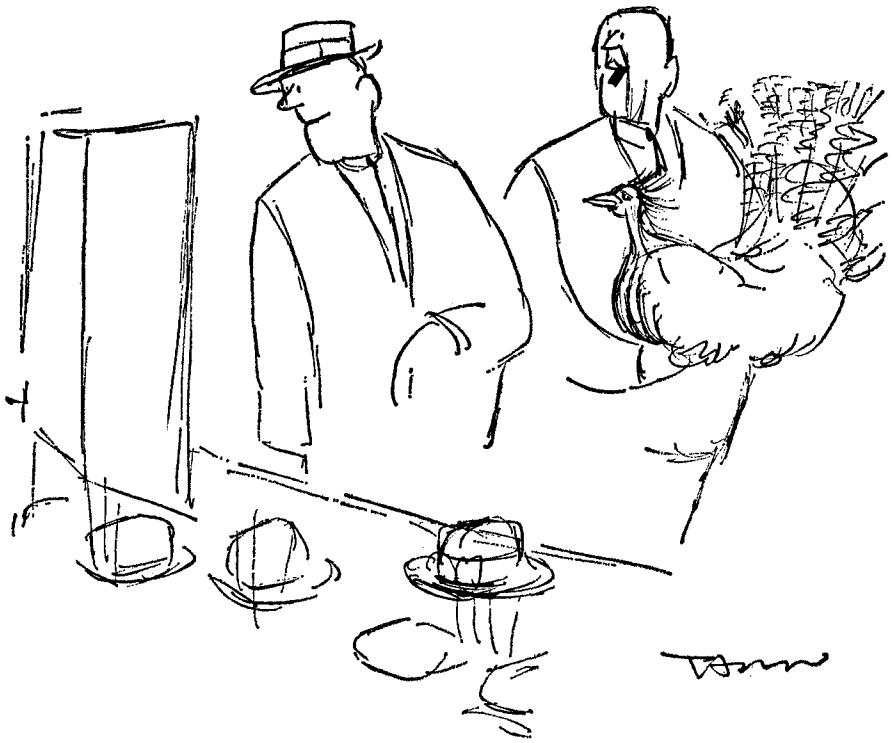
Hopelessly square, he writes novels about family relationships, sketches of factory workers, essays that support the title *A Radical's America,* and now this collection of short stories that quite gives him away. But we may have to pardon his gaucheness because the stories are mostly very moving.

David Cort says that this is the age in which novelists believe what they read in the papers. That is, the world of convention presented in the newspapers, which a couple of generations ago was generally understood to be a vulgar distortion of life and history, is now the unquestioned point of departure for most writers of realistic fiction. (Where the unrealistic writers depart from is a mystery, but, in this age, not an important one.) Now, of the eleven stories in this collection, seven are written in the first person, but despite their conversational tone they all establish an atmosphere in which the reader is prompted to draw on his own knowledge of human beings and their social setting, and construct around the characters' words and actions a representation of the real, as opposed to the conventional, world. How do we know that the world we construct on Mr. Swados's hints is real? Because it hurts. Whereas, as we know from our daily experience, "Seventeen Killed in Factory Blast" affects us not at all.

It is a measure of Mr. Swados's purity of heart, and of the attractiveness of his literary personality, that he can deal adequately with that most ungrateful of subjects, the development of the artist. When the writer chooses to make his experience of art his subject matter, he is doing something absolutely modern, solipsistic, and essentially boring—as if the tightrope walker were to treat us to a lecture on the perils and glories of the high wire instead of a demonstration. It takes genius to reconcile the audience wholly to that fundamentally impertinent enterprise; I think that Joyce, Proust, and Eliot, even, are not completely successful. But some half-dozen of Mr. Swados's stories touch directly or indirectly upon his own development as a writer, and it is an agreeable surprise how he reduces to inoffensiveness the Gorgon's head of self-contemplation. It makes one reflect on the irony of the rule—I mean the one I have just promulgated—that denies autobiography to the writer alone, the very person whose reflections on his own history might be the most instructive, since the writer is the professional thinker among artists. Nevertheless, poems about the difficulty of writing poems, novels about the creation of novels, are generally poisonous. In Mr. Swados's case it must be admitted, however, that the "I" of the stories is not the author contemplating himself with infinite tenderness, but the narrator, seen quite objectively as one of the central characters of the tale he figures in.

By way of example, accordingly, the real subject of "A Story for Teddy" is not a youthful adventure that helped make Mr. Swados the writer he is, but an encounter between a young man and a young woman who affect us as significantly representative in their inability to satisfy their mutually contradictory longings, imperative as those needs are. The story tells us more than a sociological treatise would about our sexual education and our class structure, tells us what we know and what the textbook is likely to obscure—that young men and women in our country are divided by a psychological gulf that is scarcely bridged by the culture's ingenious devices for making them cooperate in raising the next generation.

THE force of the demonstration, naturally, is not to be found in any analysis of it but in the poetry of Mr. Swados's narrative. In the last analysis, it is a poetic gift that permits Mr. Swados to slay dragons out of season. When other writers are inventing myths—irrelevant, mostly—recounting nightmares, and otherwise invoking the machinery of the Gothic to reinforce their eldritch effects, he continues to regard the detail of our real lives as the ground of poetry. In the face of that steadfastness, is it a genuine need or simply corrupted taste that asks of him what in these stories he does not offer, the sense of these latter days, the glimpse of apocalypse?



"Perhaps you'd like to select a feather to put in the band."

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Farm and Factory in the USSR

The Soviet Economy Since Stalin, *by Harry Schwartz (Lippincott. 256 pp. $5), applies a yardstick to agricultural and industrial growth in the USSR during the past twelve years. Leon Smolinski is associate professor of economics at Boston College and associate of the Russian Research Center, Harvard University.*

By LEON SMOLINSKI

AMONG the topics treated here by Harry Schwartz, the well-known *New York Times* specialist in Soviet affairs, are the USSR's economic race with the United States, the former's industrial growth and agricultural disappointments, Khrushchev's successive (but not successful) reorganizations of the administrative and planning system, as well as the nation's foreign trade and aid activities.

The book is timely, readable, and informative; it abounds in interesting facts and figures. In particular, it provides useful information for the 1960s, perhaps the most critical period in Soviet economic history since 1929, when the industrialization and collectivization drives were launched by Stalin.

Stalin's recipe for industrialization no longer fits the demands of the mature Soviet economy. The need for new methods of resource allocation, for more decentralization and incentives, for more attention to consumer wants is rather generally recognized, although no comprehensive reforms have been enacted thus far. In the meantime, economic decision-making and planning remain among the most inefficiently performed activities in the USSR.

At the top level, crucial choices are often made arbitrarily and on the basis of inadequate information. The targets thus selected are then channeled down and apportioned among regions and enterprises by millions of bureaucrats employed in various intermediate agencies, without adequate coordination and economic justification. At the bottom of the planning pyramid, the factory manager produces for the plan rather than for the user of his product. While he is expected (among other things) to make profits, Soviet centrally fixed prices offer him little guidance to the actual supply and demand conditions for different goods. Thus commodities that are most "profitable" for an enterprise to produce may be unsalable and remain in stock, and those in greatest demand may be priced so low as to make the producer lose money. Like Oscar Wilde's cynic, the Soviet factory manager appears then to know the price of everything and the value of nothing. No wonder waste is widespread and inventories of unwanted goods keep piling up.

Unlike Stalin, Khrushchev permitted the economists to criticize these and similar deficiencies and to propose reforms, but he shrank from far-reaching changes. Schwartz argues convincingly that economic setbacks may have played a decisive part in his ouster. He also points out that the Russians have fallen behind Khrushchev's patently unrealistic timetable for overtaking the American economy. However, the author's conclusion that "it was the Soviet economy that proved an ailing and limping nag, and the American economy that showed itself a swift and highly spirited steed" is subject to some qualifications.

First, even though the actual Soviet performance fell short of Khrushchev's goals, in a number of crucial areas it was good enough to reduce the Soviet lag behind the U.S. Second, the USSR continues to allocate to investment about twice as high a share of its income as does the United States. In recent years much of this investment has been taking place in new products and techniques with long gestation periods. The pay-off from these investments in the years to come is likely to give a boost to the Soviet rate of growth and to the efficiency with which the system operates. The same is true of the future returns from the recent rebirth of Soviet economics and from the rapidly expanding experiments with the use of mathematical models and of high-speed electronic computers in economic planning. While Khrushchev himself was barely permissive with respect to these schemes and kept his enthusiasm for the more concrete projects such as his famous corn campaign, the future historian may decide that the most important developments of the Khrushchev era were not those the dictator actively promoted but those he did not resist.

Less Than Ten Feet Tall

The Ugly Russian, *by Victor Lasky (Trident. 313 pp. $4.95), shrinks to realistic proportions the mien of the Soviet adversary. For the past year John Allison has been deputy acting chancellor of the East-West Center in Honolulu. A retired Foreign Service officer, he has also been U. S. Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia.*

By JOHN ALLISON

VICTOR LASKY, whose last book was the controversial *JFK: The Man and the Myth,* has dedicated this work to proving that the Russians are not ten feet tall and that many of the criticisms which William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick leveled at our Foreign Service in *The Ugly American* are equally, if not more true of Soviet diplomats. It is a thesis with which I heartily agree, and I only wish this were a better book than it is.

It is useful to have collected in one place the facts regarding Russian arrogance, stupidity, and ignorance of Asian and African peoples and their customs. Early in the book we learn that it just isn't true that the Russians do so much better than the Americans at learning other languages. Mr. Lasky quotes a State Department study which showed that thirty-eight out of sixty-one Soviet ambassadors could not speak the language of the countries to which they were accredited. We also learn that many of the engineers and technicians sent to aid these nations of Asia and Africa and the Middle East could speak no language but Russian, and the interpreters they brought with them spoke only English besides Russian.

Having had some experience this past year with the East-West Center in Honolulu, where the United States Government, in cooperation with the University of Hawaii, brings Asian and American students and scholars together, I was particularly interested in the chapter dealing with Lumumba University in Moscow and how African students are treated by the Russians. The East-West Center prides itself on trying to bring about understanding between Asians and Americans and not insisting on agreement or conformity. Mr. Lasky

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tells of an African student and his wife who went to Lumumba University to study international law. During the first two weeks of their course the professor spent most of his time abusing the British Commonwealth and arguing that Western democracy had outlived its usefulness. When the student complained to the authorities that international law was not even being mentioned, he was told, "An international lawyer must essentially be politically awakened."

In addition to being saturated with propaganda, the African students have to put up with miserable personal treatment. The Africans call Lumumba University "Apartheid U," referring to the South African segregation policies. The insulting treatment, the poor facilities, the constant surveillance and, above all, the perpetual indoctrination have made many African students bitter enemies of Communism. Mr. Lasky quotes an article in *The Reporter* by George Feifer which recounts the statement of a student from Ghana who, before he went to the Soviet Union had not been anti-Russian but after his experiences there said to Feifer:

> The Americans waste a lot of money trying to make sure Africa does not go Communist. All they have to do is pay the way for more of us students to take our degrees here. Ask any of my friends —they're more disillusioned about the Soviet way of life than any American propaganda could have made them.

Perhaps the most interesting and vivid description of the Ugly Russian appears in Lasky's account of what happened in the small African country of Guinea after it had broken all ties with France. Because of the abrupt manner in which this was done, de Gaulle cut off French foreign aid and ordered French civil servants out of the country on short notice. The Guineans then turned to the USSR for help, which was quickly promised but not so quickly given. The Guinean leader Touré made a pilgrimage through the countries of Eastern Europe and to Moscow, and for a time it looked as if Guinea would be the base for Soviet expansion throughout Africa. However, in a comparatively short time the Russians had succeeded in making themselves so unpopular, and the manner in which they administered their aid so tied up the economy of Guinea, that relations almost reached the breaking point. At the peak of the Russian effort they had some 1,500 technicians working in Guinea. Today, according to Lasky, there are less than a third this number. At the same time relations with the West have taken a turn for the better. Lasky points out that among the principal reasons for the Soviet failure was lack of understanding that while

(*Continued on page* 62)

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Fool's Role?

I CANNOT PRETEND to understand exactly what Emile Capouya was saying in his review of *Mammon and the Black Goddess* and *The Flight from Woman* [*SR*, July 17], but perhaps I could only know if I read the books. However, Margaret Parton's review of *Why Young Mothers Feel Trapped* leaves no question of or desire to read the book. The fact that many young women identify themselves primarily as mothers and housewives is the key to the real answer of why they feel trapped. Housewifery is a capacity that can be filled admirably, for the most part, by the feeble-minded, and it can never be made creative enough to challenge and satisfy any intelligent woman who has seen through the brainwash of "woman's role."

SUSAN W. MEYER.

Aspen, Colo.

Room on the Pedestal

HERE IS CAPOUYA'S STATEMENT with which I violently disagree, to wit, "Women are generally, and reasonably, suspicious of attempts to empedestal them because they find the position confining." . . . [This statement] proves he, Capouya, has *not* "been around"—and that, furthermore, the same type of "confinement" could *also* be applied to men! Women are so suspicious (of empedestalment) *only* when they *don't* "go for" the guy empedestaling 'em! How they love empedestalment *when* they "go for" the empedestaller (SIC)!!!

Men react the same way to a female empedestaller! I have learned this the hard way, Sir!

HENRY STONER.

Yellowstone National Park, Wyo.

Books to Warm Up To

I WAS PLEASED to see the Oz books put honorably into Alice's company, in Martin Gardner's "A Child's Garden of Bewilderment" [*SR*, July 17]. I wonder if the Detroit librarian who is not replacing worn copies of Oz books because "so many far better books [are] available for children" is buying better books of the type Alice Dalgliesh mentions in "Try Just Looking" [*SR*, July 24].

Of the sixteen new juvenile books Miss Dalgliesh reviews, ten are factual. . . . But is there anything to warm up to? Anything like a Scarecrow or a Patchwork Girl, a Hungry Tiger or a Cowardly Lion—folk who convince a child that something enticing might lie within the covers of the nearest book, and that if it doesn't, you can move on to the next book and the next book because you will find it sooner or later. Thus, before you know it, you are a reader. And that is a different citizen entirely from a fact-acquirer.

MARY LOUISE HECTOR.

Montclair, N.J.

Bunking and Debunking

I WAS pleased to see the review of James Michener's *The Source* [*SR*, May 29]. . . .

As the review says, the shaping of the Jewish religion has a special fascination for the author. He is even more fascinated by such things as fertility rites, phallic symbols, temple prostitutes, and other erotica, which receive liberal attention throughout the text. As for the debunking of the legends of chivalry associated with the Crusades, that is all right, although Edward Gibbon did the job pretty well 200 years ago.

WILLIAM K. MUNN.

Oakland, Calif.

Lost and Found

MR. DANIEL STERN, who reviewed *A Pile of Stones*, by Hugh Nissenson [*SR*, July 3], makes this statement: "But the tale they tell of the modern Jew, like modern man increasingly lost to himself (as God has become lost to him), is a discouraging one." To me it is cause for encouragement that a religious sect is questioning its beliefs. . . .

BARBARA BAUM.

Virginia Beach, Va.

Who Begat Reggie?

MAY I REPLY to David W. Batterson's letter in the July 24th *SR*? It is true that S. N. Behrman in his *Portrait of Max* "identifies" Reggie Turner's father (from a conversation with Max Beerbohm) as Edward Levy-Lawson, the first Lord Burnham. Rupert Hart-Davis, on the other hand, claims (in *Max Beerbohm's Letters to Reggie Turner*) that Turner's father was Lord Burnham's uncle, Lionel Lawson. Neither Behrman nor Hart-Davis makes a case for a particular woman as Reggie's mother, but both suggest rumored possibilities. Thus when I wrote (*SR*, April 17) of Reggie's "still-unestablished parentage" I was stating the case as it exists in print to this time.

I present all the available evidence regarding Reggie Turner's curious parentage in a chapter entitled "The Levys and the Lawsons" in my new book, *Reggie*, to be published Aug. 16. It may not satisfy detective story addicts completely, but it makes clear what I meant by "the mystery of his [Turner's] still-unestablished parentage."

STANLEY WEINTRAUB.

University Park, Pa.

Fine Fein

STILL more *Herzog*? Enough more, I hope, for me to thank Sarah M. Fein of Atlantic City, N.J., for her very beautifully written letter praising the book [*SR*, July 24].

I congratulate Harry Robert of Maywood, N.J., for reading part of it [*SR*, July 24], and suggest that, should he be shipwrecked on a desert isle, he have along some Clarence Budington Kelland or Horatio Alger stories.

VIRGINIA H. MCFARLANE.

Cleveland, Miss.

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Arguments for Accommodation

The Cold War . . . and After, *by Charles O. Lerche, Jr. (Prentice-Hall. 150 pp. $4.95), and* ***After Twenty Years: Alternatives to the Cold War in Europe,*** *by Richard J. Barnet and Marcus G. Raskin (Random House. 243 pp. $5.95), argue that present U.S. foreign policy is outdated and needs to be profoundly and imaginatively reassessed. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

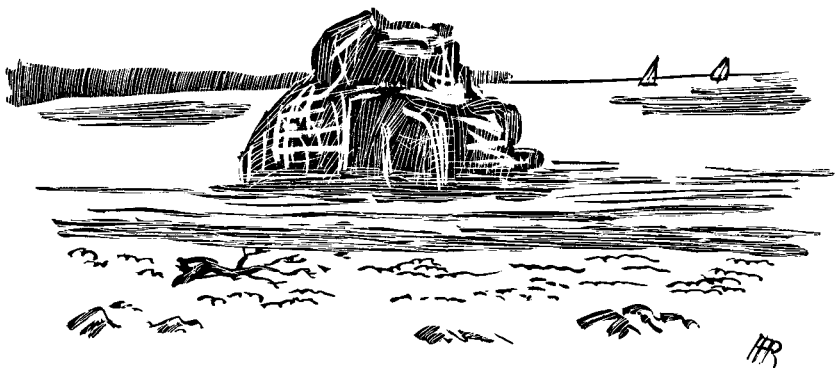
THESE two volumes are based on the conviction, already expressed by others, that in the last twenty years American foreign policy has failed to respond with anything like sufficient flexibility to the rapidly changing aspects of the international environment.

Ever since the end of the Second World War, in large measure our resources—military, economic, and diplomatic—have been devoted primarily to meeting the challenge of Soviet Communism's global ambitions. In the early days of the Cold War we were preoccupied with what we conceived to be a threat to the freedom of Western Europe. By means of the Marshall Plan we made a major contribution to restoring the economic well-being of our Western allies, thus placing a check upon the subversive activities that thrive in an atmosphere of poverty and distress. Then, through the creation of NATO, we proclaimed our determination to join in the defense of the integrity of Western Europe by military means should this prove necessary. That these measures were both appropriate and successful has been amply demonstrated by events.

It is not the thesis of the authors of either of these books that because of the apparently continuing stability on the European continent all danger has passed and we can afford to relax. They point out that the acute problem of German reunification remains unsolved, and they underscore the persistent efforts of the Soviet Union to extend its influence to distant corners of the globe, either through subversion or through the fomenting of so-called "wars of liberation." Yet they argue that, partly because we have fallen victims to our own propaganda, we hew rigidly to lines of policy long outdated, and fail utterly to explore with any degree of imagination the opportunities that changed circumstances in the world around us may provide.

What are these changed circumstances which in the formulation of foreign policy we seem to take insufficiently into account? According to Charles Lerche, "Communist goals, admittedly utopian, are being *jettisoned* as events reveal their impracticability"—an impracticability based, in part at least, "on the growing political irrelevancy of large-scale armed combat."

Some will contend that this appraisal is abstract and overoptimistic. The change is expressed in more concrete terms by Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin: "Despite continuing ideological differences and competing commitments . . . the Great Confrontation between the U.S. and the USSR over Europe no longer appears inevitable or profitable. The political alignments of Europe, the most familiar aspect of the postwar world and the basis of most of America's foreign policy ideology, are shifting. With these shifts may come a new consensus on which to base a less dangerous and more durable security system for a Western world, which properly embraces all the nations of Europe, including the Soviet Union." And somewhat earlier they say, "with the darkening of the vision of the Atlantic Community, on one side, and of the Commonwealth of Socialist Countries, on the other, the political focus of the postwar world is profoundly altered."



In the belief that this picture is not overdrawn, the authors question the relevance today of certain aspects of our foreign policy. According to Mr. Lerche, "through thick and thin, in the face of the transformation of a large part of the map of the world, the revolution of rising expectations, the maturing of the United Nations, the technological explosion into space, and all the other startling developments that have so dramatically altered the conditions of international politics since 1945, the United States has clung to its strategic belief that the controlling and orienting purpose of American policy is the military deterrence of the Soviet Union." He obviously shares the view that there is something odd, at the very least, in the competitive accumulation of vast stocks of thermonuclear weapons which both we and the Soviet Union recognize can only be used at the price of national suicide—a view that lies at the root of the endless and, until now, fruitless debates on arms control and disarmament.

While in no sense ignoring the implications of the arms race, Mr. Barnet and Mr. Raskin focus attention on other questions. They deal at length with the problem of Germany, and suggest steps toward its solution which, realistically, are not likely to be taken until there has been a material relaxation of tension between the Soviet Union and the West. And they raise provocative questions regarding a United Europe, the state of NATO, and the organization of an Atlantic Community which we have long so fervently advocated.

Both these intriguing books confirm the uneasy feeling that a profound reassessment of many phases of our foreign policy is urgently required. It is to be hoped that from such a reassessment a new and constructive orientation would emerge, whether along the lines suggested by the authors or not. Much may depend upon the degree to which the imaginative faculty is allowed to play a part in the formulation of conclusions drawn from the facts revealed.

This brief review may properly end on a quotation from Mr. Lerche: "If neither party to a discussion can give any idea of what he wants except the absolute satisfaction of his wildest dreams, serious adjustments of positions in the interest of mutual accommodation is impossible."

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Looking at the Birchers

ROBERT WELCH, founder and ideological chief of the John Birch Society, appeared recently on *Regional Report*, a ninety-minute National Educational Television program that examined "the philosophy, tactics, and goals of the right-wing organization." "There aren't two sides to every question," he said to James Fleming, a NET reporter, during the unprecedented forty-five-minute interview. "This is one of those smart-sounding phrases that have been introduced, largely by liberals, to promote certain ideas."

But the program on which he made the assertion provided, in itself, an apt rebuttal. The first forty-five minutes, prior to the Welch interview, showed a carefully rehearsed meeting of a John Birch Society chapter in a well-to-do home in a Boston suburb, followed by a report on energetic recruiting drives by the Birchers in the New York metropolitan area. In Milwaukee, a lady member's "listing" (reminiscent of McCarthyism) of 182 University of Wisconsin faculty members was described. Tugs-of-war between Birchers and parents and teachers for control of local PTAs were described, and finally Mr. Fleming, with the cooperation of the society, interviewed top officials at the organization's national headquarters in Belmont, Massachusetts. (The society, according to the officials, is not an organization but "a body—a monolithic, authoritarian, harmonious whole or purpose.")

Edward Bailey, an on-camera editor for NET, concluded the program with a brief editorial statement in which he found "sinister implications" in Robert Welch's philosophy and in Birch activities. He had, he said, an "uneasy feeling that they are exerting more influence . . . but I can see no reason to doubt that the good sense of the American people will prevail and that Mr. Welch and his followers will slip off to a well-deserved oblivion." *Regional Report: The John Birch Society* was shown by NET to the "body's" representatives before it was aired recently over some ninety affiliated educational television stations around the country, and the Birchers were reported to be "pleased with what they had seen." Anti-Birchers were also pleased, no doubt, when they viewed the program in their homes. This report (the most extended and detailed undertaken, so far as I know, by any television network) would tend to support those who regard the radical right as a dangerous mixture of theology, super-patriotism, capitalist mythology, political archaism, and unconscious projection.

Liberals (and perhaps even conservatives) could easily recognize the marks of simplistic thinking, twisted reasoning, intellectual dishonesty, and a mystical sense of duty (Robert Welch speaks of "my battle against Communism") that characterize the mental and emotional processes of John Birchers. They would regard the program as an important service, reminding viewers that the society is hard at work, well-financed, and fervent in its recruiting and propaganda, and that effective anti-Birch therapy lies in "knowledge and understanding of the goals and tactics of extremist groups." Birchers viewing the program would undoubtedly see the second side of the same coin. Their growing numbers (65,000 to 100,000 is the estimated current membership) were reflected by *Regional Report*; they would delight in the program's image of themselves as respectable, educated, religious men and women of good will, fighting to save the republic (not democracy) from the world-wide Communist conspiracy, hacking at its tentacles as embodied in the United Nations, the income tax, civil rights, the Supreme Court, and control by the enemy of our churches, schools, and mass media. Birchers have a way, the program revealed, of seeing life as a contest—a struggle between us and the Communists.

We may likewise consider *Regional Report* itself as a struggle between NET and the society. Each used the ninety minutes for its own objectives—the one to diminish, the other to reflect the John Birch influence. Which side won? My guess is that NET has the edge, and my evidence is a chance remark made by Mr. Welch. He told Mr. Fleming how the mass media were always out to ridicule him. To illustrate, he related how he had invited a reporter from *Time* to clear up some facts that had been incorrectly reported in the newspapers. The magazine printed the facts, he said, with all the errors intact. Then he added, "I don't think you're ever going to allow [this] to go on this film." NET left the story in, of course—with what impact on viewing Birchers? A cardinal point in their chief's ideology is the mass-media conspiracy against him. He had been proven wrong about it here. Could he possibly be wrong about other things—the proposition, for example, that there is only one side, his own, to every question? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Rome—American Style

ONE WOULD THINK, inasmuch as the Eternal City has been eternal for some time now, that nothing much would change if you turned your back. I seem to have allowed two years or so to slip by without checking conditions along the Via Veneto and all manner of things have broken out. For one thing Romans, with a history of wheeling chariots around a track, have taken to wheeling carts around supermarket counters. I stopped my car in front of one such establishment the other day, and found it occupying the basement floor of a department store. The Italian version of the supermarket looks pretty much like home except for the food on the shelves, and even that sometimes reminded me of the emporium I patronize back home. Well, take packaged pizzas, for instance. And those twin-packs of family-sized Cokes. In some cases the Italians have carried the idea a step farther. The Italian housewife can now find instant spaghetti, frozen gnocchi and fresh, pre-stuffed tortellini. The mayonnaise and the catsup come in tubes like toothpaste and the eggs are in cartons of six rather than a dozen, but that merely follows local preferences. Wasting all that glass in a container not meant for wine seems a folly over here. And Italian housewives, who are used to marketing twice a day and buying their eggs by the ones and twos, as needed, are not yet acclimated to the large, economy-sized packages.

The store into which I had stumbled was designed for the Italian palate, but another called Minimax which has two locations, both with grand addresses (Piazza Pio XI and 48 Viale Beethoven), makes a straight pitch for expatriate Americans or Italians with totally corrupted tastes. Its ads offer Gerber's baby foods, Hershey Bars, red kidney beans, wax paper sandwich bags, Shredded Wheat, Wheaties, Uncle Ben's Rice, cake mixes, Instant Sanka, Cracker Jacks, and other delectations produced by epicurean America.

I rolled down the Via Veneto one day and that artery of the world, I'm glad

—*Enit.*

Supermarket in Rome—"makes a straight pitch for expatriate Americans."

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to say, is intact. I stopped in at the Excelsior and there in a lobby chair, as if he had been waiting for me, was my longtime friend Armando Armanni, maestro of the establishment since the days of the Duce and later when Kesselring occupied the best suite, and after that, when Mark Clark, up from Anzio, took it over, along with the rest of the city. The traffic was the usual tangle—that hadn't changed—and walking the boulevard between the umbrella-topped tables was the usual exercise. The walkers were either displaying their new clothes or their new lover or they were looking to see whom they knew. Those in the pews were resting from the walk and appraising the odd types as one looks at the parade along Fifth Avenue on a sunny Easter Sunday. Prices are up all along the street—one can hardly sit down with a companion for less than a dollar—and the menu has shown the sign of the Yankee advance—hamburgers, hot dogs, and club sandwiches.

It is really not necessary to wring the hands in utter dismay, for there may, after all, be some good in the epidemic of American taste that has spread through Rome. Eating, if one was hurrying off to the opera or the horse show, used to be a problem in Rome. One either ran the menu from *tortellini in brodo* to *gorgonzola* or patronized the lone snack shop which was only barely palatable. Now the A. and W. restaurants operate a grand self-service establishment employing American-style cafeteria service and serving Italian-style food. The counters sparkle with sardines, black olives, plates of salami and anchovies, trays of steamed codfish, piles of fresh asparagus, macaroni, tortellini, and spaghetti, racks of mineral water and red wine.

The Italians, as might be expected, have added their own refinements to the self-service restaurant. The one in Rome has a stand-up bar with an espresso machine and a bartender dispensing Fernet Branca to the hungover, *liquore* Strega, Ramazzotti and Campari. A sandwich bar has such improvements as papa and mammaburgers, and the "juicy hamburger de luxe" comes with "*cetriolini, lattuga, e maionese.*" Fifteen cents buys a hot dog roll stuffed with mushrooms and *mozzarella,* but a more traditional version also comes with hot dogs. Nor has the management overlooked the glories of the American soda fountain. Something called a Coppa Hawaiana comes with ice cream topped by strawberries and pineapple. The A. and W. Hollipop Float contains enough calories to keep a battalion on the march for a week.

Roman ladies who have become addicted to American style shopping and American food, have also fallen in with the "little boutique." The small hectic dress shop called Giter on Piazza Barberini at the corner of the Via della Purificazione is a favorite with young, modish Italian nobility who have forsaken that little dressmaker along the obscure street in favor of ready-to-wear. Any given day in the proper season Giter's tiny salon is a mad scramble of *principessas* and *marchesas,* the Ruspolis, the Barberinis, and Borgheses, who shuffle through the style books and rummage among the racks, paying from $50 to $75 a dress. Travelers come, too, and for their convenience Giter accepts credit cards and travelers' checks.

For the first time in long years I forsook the Excelsior opposite the American Embassy to have a look at the Cavalieri Hilton. It is a daring venture as hotels go, for it has been built high on Monte Mario, west of the city, on the heights above Vatican City and that bulge of Rome that lies within a loop of the Tiber and on its west bank. It is a considerable distance from anywhere in the city but the view from the terraces sweeps all the city. Far in the dim distance lies Tivoli and the Villa d'Este, Frascati, the heights of Monte Cave, and Castel Gandolfo. Somewhere in front of them is St. John's Basilica, the great, white wedding-cake of the Vittorio Emanuele monument, the dome of the Pantheon, the Campidoglio, and near at hand, the round pillbox that is Castel Sant' Angelo. Far to the right is St. Paul's Basilica, Vatican City, and St. Peter's.

With its pool and huge halls, the Cavalieri Hilton is half a step toward a resort hotel, and perhaps ideal for meetings and industry think sessions, far from the city and far from home. The burger bug has bitten *its* kitchens, too, and it is now serving not only a kingsburger (quarter of a pound of chopped sirloin), but a formaggioburger (a kingsburger with melted *formaggio* on top). It also has imported the French dip, a beef sandwich on a roll to be dipped in gravy, and something called Il Tricolore, which is smoked salmon and cream cheese on rye bread with watercress. Well, that's not what it was called when I was a boy in New York, pitching pennies on the sidewalk in front of Isaac Gellis's.

To see American influence in Rome, an Italian friend told me, one must not fail to visit Meo Patacca which, in Rome, anyway, is the hottest thing since Nero on that memorable musical night. So I got a cab at the Cavalieri's front door and set off on an expedition to Trastévere, the old quarter of the city. We washed up at the proper place—it seemed like weeks later—and found Meo Patacca, not exactly a hole in the wall, but a whole piazza complete with livestock, marching bands, and a doorman

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dressed in chaps. An Alpine band in costume bangs tambourines, puffs on tubas, plays "Funiculi, Funicula," and otherwise indicates its presence by moving across the square in company with horse-drawn wine carts. In summer the band, dressed in plumed hats like the old Bersaglieri, mount the platform and play a concert. In winter they play indoors, blasting out the walls. Vendors sell hydrogen-filled balloons in summer and, if you bring your own string, you can vie with the other customers trying for new altitude records.

Meo Patacca was a thirteenth-century Robin Hood who lived in this very square, the Piazza dei Mercati. His name has taken on the meaning of a shady character, but a friendly one, rather like a rogue. Of the buildings in the square, two are restaurants and one is the home of Remington Olmstead, a former fullback from UCLA who conceived the project. Mr. Olmstead, one would judge, is tolerant to the din, but the other tenants must by now be ready to sell and vacate. In summer, the marching band aside, 600 diners fill the square. The cellars are used in all seasons, one for folk music and the other for jazz. The jazz cave, called Al Purgatorio, dispenses free pizzas and free gloves to eat them with, but is not recommended for the claustrophobic. A former jail used by the Austrians 110 years ago now features steaks served by waiters in convict suits.

Mr. Olmstead, who graduated with the class of '36, left UCLA for New York to study singing and dancing. He appeared in the chorus of *Oklahoma!*, understudied Judd, and went with the London company in that role. When *Oklahoma!* finally closed in London, Olmstead went to Rome to study singing. He acted in a few movies, including the last *Ben Hur*, and listened to the Romans when they talked to him about the taverns and restaurants of the old Rome. He thought the city needed more of it. Meo Patacca was a bizarre idea when it opened in the early summer of 1959, but the timing was good. It was the eve of the Olympics.

On a warm and lovely Saturday when the beaches were full and the picnic cloths were spread under the ancient marble relics along the Appia Antica I drove out to the airport for the journey home. The great aerodrome named for da Vinci is a synthesis of the best Italian taste and just to walk along its rubber-coated halls, along its searing glass walls never fails to make my heart expand. I boarded Alitalia for the flight back home, a journey, which by one of those quirks of the jet age and the change in time, lofts one into the air at midday and puts one down in New York late the same afternoon. We stopped in Milan for lunch and when we boarded again the empty seats were filled by air cadets and their officers bound for training deep in the USA. The menu for the rest of the voyage called for *caviale perlato del Caspio, salame di Milano, carciofini e funghetti all' olio, scaloppe di vitello all'Emiliana, cassata alla Siciliana.* It was plain to see that Alitalia hadn't lost its hand, nor had it gone *alla* Americana. Recalling the mammaburgers and formaggioburgers, the juicy de luxe hamburgers and the club sandwiches currently being dispensed in Rome, and looking over at the young cadets on their way to America, I was sure they wouldn't have such a hard time with my country after all. —Horace Sutton.

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The Brothers

By Eric Barker

THEIR leaves began to fall
before the rain. Not that
that small wind had much to do:
the sycamores were the last
as always to let the autumn go,
and what was left of their
brown brittle rags
was ready for the air, flew off
in fact, at the first puff,
almost as if glad to go
and leave their parents
naked as the neighbors.

Long ago, they'd found a place
among the walnut trees, five
sycamores growing close together,
branches touching, so that what
happened to one happened
at the same time to the others.
A flock of birds, for instance,
would hit them all at once,
and they shared the seasons equally,
bud to leaf to deepening shade,
as now at shadow's end
in the small cold evening wind,
they waited for the rain.

In the morning there were only four,
—four upright. During the night
one had slipped sideways
as if suddenly tired;
on his way down the others
had caught him, held him up.
Leafless now to shed their sorrow,
yet he was their brother,
and they held him there.
I examined the roots only
half torn from the earth
and thought he'd last another year,
two maybe, but dying already,
dying as he fell last night.
Delaying death, I shovelled
earth against the roots:
he'd be in leaf again next spring,
if not as high as those
who held him, still half way down
in their supporting shade.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

England's Summer Season

LONDON.

UNLIKE NEW YORK, the British theater schedule of openings is a twelve-month business, and happily for American visitors, some of the recent ones have been highly provocative. Creating the most stir has been John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*. Because one of its subject matters is homosexuality as it actually affected the career of Colonel Alfred Redl, an intelligence officer of the 1906 Austro-Hungarian army, it was refused a license by the Lord Chamberlain and therefore had to be shown only to those theatergoers willing to pay an extra $3 for an annual membership to the small Royal Court Theatre Club. But equally stimulating to public interest is a current exchange of evaluations of the play by American writer and critic Mary McCarthy and Ken Tynan, literary advisor of Britain's National Theatre and film critic of The *Observer*. Deftly Miss McCarthy pointed out how all Osborne plays depend upon repetition ("a new girl at the ironing board") instead of plot, and tragic heroes who do not act but merely repeat behavior patterns compulsively. She found these qualities appealing in contemporary plays because they correspond to our drab existence in which we are helpless to do anything but "register a protest in the margins" and find even that protest "a placard of impotence."

But she decried Osborne's lack of historical sense both in *Luther*, which she labeled "a high school pageant mounted by a truant or a drop-out," and in *A Patriot for Me*, which she characterized as "a silky charade . . . tiresome, banal, and predictable." Furthermore, just as she found Luther "a man with the ideas of a modern schoolchild on the subject of the Reformation," so, too, was she disappointed with Redl in the new play because he is "a conformist" with no problem except his simple homosexuality.

Mr. Tynan's reply was brilliant and illuminating. Among other things he pointed out that *A Patriot for Me* breaks new ground in that it repudiates "loyalty to Freud and loyalty to country, the twin bastions of Western Civilization." And he concludes by saying of Miss McCarthy "I have often thought that her writing had every masculine virtue except sensitivity—perhaps this accounts for her signal insensitivity to *A Patriot for Me*."

In actuality, the play consists of twenty-three scenes in which we are almost constantly absorbed in the progress of the hard-working army officer, portrayed precisely by Maximilian Schell, as he discovers his own repressed homosexuality, and, once he has discovered it, his preference of its practice to everything else, including patriotism. In the beginning, Osborne suggests that the Army which rewards aptitude at the expense of character makes a good profession for a homosexual. Redl seems to have both aptitude and character, except for the minor disgrace of having seconded a handsome fellow officer whom we see slain in a duel defending himself against the insulting allegation that he is both homosexual and Jewish. Redl is, however, the apple of his superior's eye, for he is conformist, and channels the energy other officers use on women or on marriage into his military work. Thus, like the unpleasant young Negro in *Blues for Mister Charlie*, Redl is deliberately made unsympathetic. He believes "we are meant to clash often and violently" and exhibits an almost complete lack of humane spirit or introspection as he says and does the correct thing to advance his military career. When he is insulted by a young man in a café who tells him "I know what you're looking for," he repulses him brutally. But in a brilliant dramatic touch, the fiendish workings of this open hint upon Redl's mind are transmitted to us by a café violinist playing a high-pitched frenzied solo while the scene changes to the bedroom where Redl for the first time finds ecstasy with a young man. There is a suggestion, however, that society does not permit the impulse of homosexual love to be gently and harmoniously sustained, when we see Redl beaten up by the young man's companions. "Don't get too upset, love," the boy tells him, "you'll get used to it." And now it is clear that the protagonist is not Redl, but the subconscious inner patriotism all of us twist into unsatisfactory compromises with society.

From this point on, Redl does get used to the sadism and other inconveniences that go with the practice of homosexuality in a society that punishes it not only by driving it underground but by jail sentences. There is a private drag ball in which a Viennese baron and other homosexuals dress up as ladies and flirt openly with each other. There is a soliloquy by a pedantic psychiatrist who only affirms society's prejudice by viewing homosexuality as a pathological condition caused by a particular unfortunate's accidental experience, rather than taking the more reasonable step of putting society into analysis so that it will cease to regard variation in sexual behavior as either inconsonant with health or a danger to the state. Indeed, Mr. Osborne demonstrates how it now becomes a danger to the state, because it can force the sexual deviant in public office to choose between being a patriot for his country, or being a patriot for the fullest realization of that personality which he feels to be his truest one.

THIS is what happens to Redl as the Russian counter-intelligence agency blackmails him into revealing military secrets to them. In one typical Osborne scene, the Russian agent merrily discusses the traditional boast that many past greats have been homosexual. "You're like a guild of housewives pointing out Catherine the Great." He adds that he cannot understand it because all that he ever wanted in his lovemaking was a lump, "a wet breasty lump."

Eventually Redl's treason is discovered and he shoots himself. It is a purely clinical act, and we care not at all about his demise, for it is clear that any chance he had at enduring happiness as a homosexual was constantly being undermined by the pressure society exerted against it. And equally clinical, though more ironic, is the play's final scene in which the Russians line up the psychiatrist as a potential spy. Is Mr. Osborne saying here that it's just "a new girl at the ironing board," or that society's use of Freudian theory can be a handy tool for bringing about unpatriotic acts, either to one's native country or to one's native self? Or is he telling us that we are, to our shame, subverting a science designed to free our most truly felt passions into one that betrays them by revealing their identity? Whatever he is saying—and we seem to live in a time where every work of art should have more than one simultaneous meaning, *A Patriot for Me* is a vivid and ambitiously extensive theatrical journey. If it is also an insufficiently organized tour, entertaining a number of unfulfilled promises, it at least provokes us into profound and new speculation about "patriotism." —HENRY HEWES.

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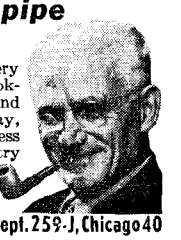

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Baroque on the Peninsula

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

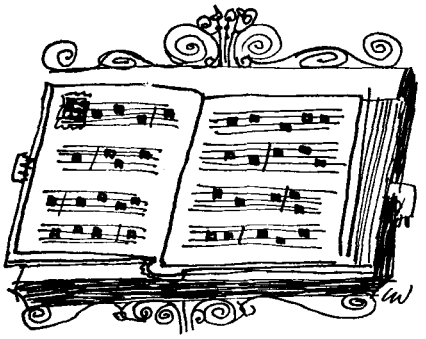
UNLIKE its academic sister in Hanover, New Hampshire, where Dartmouth College calls its arts festival a "Congregation," Stanford University hasn't found any more appealing name than "Summer Festival" for what it offers nightly as well as daily between June 22 and August 14. But with last summer's Shakespeare observance already history and this year's examination of the "Mozart Era" nearly so, plans are going ahead for next year's exploration of "Innovations in the Arts: 1900-1939." This suggests that, name or otherwise, the festival is doing all right.

Of the 110 possibilities (including chamber music by the Amadeus Quartet, concerts by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Karl Münchinger, piano recitals by Paul Badura-Skoda, and a repertory of operas by the visiting City Center Company), my visit chanced to coincide with the first performance in America of Egidio Romualdo Duni's *Isle of Fools* by the Opera da Camera di Milano under the musical direction of Carlo Felice Cillario.

It would be a distortion of truth to say that Duni's name was any more meaningful to me than to most others in the audience that sat in the outdoor hillside arrangement called Frost Ampitheater. Indeed, fidelity to the truth would compel the confession that I had no knowledge of his existence prior to discovering the work attributed to him on the program of the Stanford Summer Festival. A program note offered the helpful information that *L'Isola dei Pazzi,* as it is properly called, was first performed in 1760. Those with a passion for dates (the statistical rather than the edible kind which grow nearby) will note that this barely qualifies it for inclusion in "the Mozart Era." However, as the Salzburger was by then four years old, it doubtless coincided with the creation by him of something equally memorable if not quite so long.

A typically *buffo* conceit about the new governor of an imaginary island and its (mostly) mad inmates, it deals in allegorical terms with such human attributes as avarice, jealousy, vanity, and love. Needless to say, it is love that triumphs in the end, as the governor decides it is the youthful Semplicina who appeals to him more than all the others. The moral is that by falling in love the governor Fanfolino becomes mad, like all the others, and so lives in happy dementia ever after.

If the subject suggests Goldoni, that is natural enough, for the program further identifies the work as "a parody of the *Arcifanfano* of Goldoni." It was presented in a modern revision by Guido Turchi, with the "Italian rhythmic version" by Cesare Brero. This adaptation of the work first given at the Comédie Italienne in Paris in 1760 was first performed at Spoleto in 1961. Doubtless in its Teatro Caio Melisso, with an audience attuned to every nuance of the text and accessible walls to further contact with the performers, *L'Isola dei Pazzi* might well have been absorbing. In Stanford's Frost Ampitheater with its 1,800 or so seats arranged on a sloping hillside open to the stars, it was a sometimes entertaining, sometimes elusive experience. It prattles along pleasantly enough, with neither the musical finesse nor the artistic personality that made Pergolesi (who also had an evening to himself in the Festival plan) a recognizable antecedent of Mozart. Thus its values tended to dissipate in the evening air, rather than captivate the attention against all odds. And odds there were, in a climatic condition that made a sheltering blanket—available on hire for those who didn't bring their own—a comfort not only against the peninsular chill, but also a protection against the mosquitoes, whose appetite seemed to be sharpened by the nippy night air.

The personnel of the Opera da Camera showed a scattering of familiar names, and the performance revealed some good, some not so good, voices to go with them. The best voice went with the most familiar name, that of Emilia Cundari, an American soprano who had a debut at the Metropolitan in the mid-Fifties and a scattering of small roles thereafter before deciding that this route to an operatic career was not for her. Miss Cundari's voice has lost nothing of quality since it was last heard, and appeared to have gained something in size. Her appearance suited her well for the role of Simplicina, the young maid who captured the governor. His tenor solos were aptly performed by Pietro Bottazzo, a promising *tenore di grazia.*

However, the best equipped of the male singers was the redoubtable Renato Capecchi, also with a Metropolitan background, who made an entertaining study of Sordidone, the money-mad miser and guardian of Semplicina. Renata Ongaro and Annette C. Mizné performed the other principal roles with rather comic flair than vocal finesse. A simple scenic scheme by Alfred Silbermann suited the surroundings, and, after a rather ragged beginning, conductor Cillario struck a pace that kept the work moving. The orchestra of thirty-six or so (San Francisco Symphony-Opera personnel) didn't possess the assurance in Duni that it will doubtless have in the City Center Mozart repertory to come (*Seraglio, Figaro,* and *Don Giovanni*), but it made a good sound when everybody who was supposed to do so was playing together.

What struck me as consequential about this effort, whatever its incidental shortcomings, was the place as well as the time. The steady upgrading of the musical resources of such polar institutions as Stanford and Dartmouth, as well as many others in between, suggests the possibility that new rungs are being formed in the ladder of American operatic experience from the studio to the summit. This is not necessarily best served by the importation of a company of specialists from Italy, but they do embody a power of example for the native performer as well as listener.

IT would seem possible for Stanford to find sources of supply on its own campus, or by acting in concert with other institutions in the vicinity, such as U.C. in Berkeley, Mills College outside of Oakland, etc. A real visionary might look forward to the time when there would be a "conference" of esthetics as well as athletics, with a Pacific Coast Mozart "league" on a home-and-away schedule, and all star engagements with members of the Rocky Mountain Conference, the Big Ten, perhaps even the Ivy circuit.

This is admittedly a debatable point, and one which could be refuted by harsher realities. But it is not in the least debatable that such ventures as the Stanford Summer Festival no less than Dartmouth's "Congregation" have a new, exciting relevance to the artistic scene as a whole in America. They procede from accessible physical assets to recognizable programs funded by estimable amounts of underwriting committed to broadly "educational" objectives. This may not add up exactly to the Weimar Court Theater of 1850, or Munich under Ludwig II, but it suggests a characteristically American adaptation to a perennial problem—namely, how to help pay for what cannot pay for itself.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

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A Doll for the Toff. By John Creasey. Walker. $3.50.

Miss Turquoise. By George B. Mair. Random House. $3.95.

Nothing Is the Number When You Die. By Joan Fleming. Ives Washburn. $3.95.

Portrait of a Dead Heiress. By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Education

Children Discover Reading. By Dr. Catherine M. Stern and Toni S. Gould. Random House. $6.95.

Modern Elementary Mathematics: A Parents' Guide to the New Concepts. By Albert F. Kempf and Tom E. Barnhart. Doubleday. $3.95.

Fiction

By Lions, Eaten Gladly. By Miriam Merritt. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

Elixir of Life: An Historical Novel of New Orleans. By A. E. Cowdrey. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Fig Tree. By Nancy Bruff Gardner. Obolensky. $3.95.

The Fires of Arcadia. By G. B. Harrison. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

The Minutes of the Night. By Mary Carter. Little, Brown. $5.95.

Notes from a Sea Diary. By Nelson Algren. Putnam. $4.50.

Will the Real Toulouse-Lautrec Please Stand Up? By Leslie Waller. Doubleday. $4.95.

History

A Day of Dedication: The Essential Writings and Speeches of Woodrow Wilson. Edited by Albert Fried. Macmillan. $7.50.

The French in the Mississippi Valley. By John Francis McDermott. Univ. of Illinois Press. $6.75.

Gallipoli. By Robert Rhodes James. Macmillan. $12.50.

Nationalisation in British Politics. By E. Eldon Barry. Stanford Univ. Press. $8.50.

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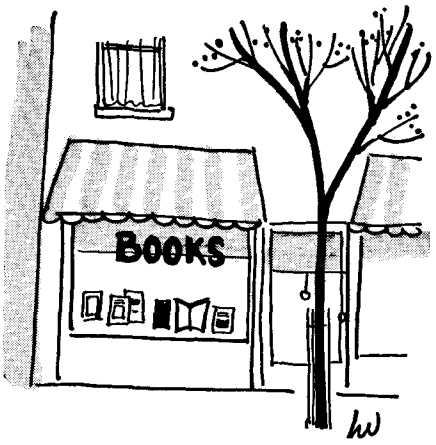

Resistance: France 1940-1945. By Blake Ehrlich. Little, Brown. $5.95.

Ideas

Unancestral Voice. By Owen Barfield. Wesleyan Univ. Press. $5.

Literary Criticism

Scandinavian Elements of Finnegans Wake. By Dounia Bunis Christiani. Northwestern Univ. Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

Aspects of Love. By Suzanne Lilar. McGraw-Hill. $5.

The Destruction of California. By Raymond F. Dasmann. Macmillan. $5.95.

Rattlesnakes. By J. Frank Dobie. Little, Brown. $5.

The Story of Language. Revised edition. By Mario Pei. Lippincott. $7.50.

Your Guide to Boating. By John Bohannan. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.50.

Plays

The Days Between. By Robert Anderson. Random House. $3.95.

Poetry

First Poems. By Michael Goldman. Macmillan. $3.95.

Reference

United States Government Organization Manual. Compiled by the Office of the Federal Register, National Archives and Records Service, General Services Administration. Available from Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. $1.75.

Religion

Into All the World: The First Thousand Years of Christianity. By Bernard Youngman. St. Martin's. $5.95.

Introduction to the History of the Christian Church. By Wilfred W. Biggs. St. Martin's. $4.95.

What's the Difference? A Comparison of the Faiths Men Live By. By Louis Cassels. Doubleday. $4.50.

—Compiled by Mimi Franklin.

War

Continued from page 30

probings of George Washington, on behalf of a Virginia that refused to become alarmed, seem singularly amateur both in political and in military tactics. To this familiar story, Mr. O'Meara adds some details of value on the methods of construction of the forts themselves, and there are exciting (and in places gruesome) descriptions of the rudimentary intelligence operations of the day. Intelligence presumably always has to be compiled from almost entirely untrustworthy elements, but in the forest wars of the eighteenth century it was peculiarly difficult to assemble, since it came from deserters, panic-stricken refugees, prisoners, and, not least, Indians, playing off all sides (inasmuch as this was a war in which there were more than two sides) against the others.

For one who is by adoption a Court Oreilles Chippewa, Mr. O'Meara's view of Indian life two centuries ago is singularly devoid of illusion. And his youthful Washington is not quite the young Galahad of many a portrait. Washington had a strong sense of public duty, seemingly unlimited capacity for punishment, and the ability to learn from his own mistakes. In this telling he had a lot to learn, and Forbes and Bouquet, the true heroes, a lot to teach.

The capture of Fort Duquesne in 1758 owed less, however, to Forbes and Washing and the Moravian missionary, Christian Frederick Post, than to the severing of its line of communications at the lakes by the seizure of Fort Frontenac by Bradstreet and the Royal Americans. Duquesne fell not to frontier courage but to the strategic plans drawn up in London. When Washington finally reached it, he found it a smoking ruin.

To drive along the Pennsylvania Turnpike or the Lincoln Highway today is to pass through the same country as did Washington and Beaujeu, Contrecoeur and Braddock, Forbes and De Ligneris. Since their time it has been transformed beyond their recognition. Yet they were its true creators. For in the course of fighting their European enemies for political control of a continent they had first, whether French or British, to make themselves its physical masters. To clear the forests, build the roads, find the wagons, and erect the forts was to win the war not only with the human enemy but with the more intractable foe, the continent itself. Not for the first or the last time in history it was possible to say: they built a roadway and they called it war. To read these stirring pages is to be reminded that the enemy in the 1750s was neither the French nor the British, but the wilderness itself.

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You can telephone all over the world

Today, you can reach 185 countries or areas of the world by telephone. It's the quick, convenient, personal way to keep in touch.

And the cost is low. For only $12, plus tax, for the first three minutes, you can call almost anywhere in the world. The rate for the first overseas call, from New York to London in 1927, was $75.

Whenever you want to keep in touch with anyone—telephone. It's the next best thing to being there.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies

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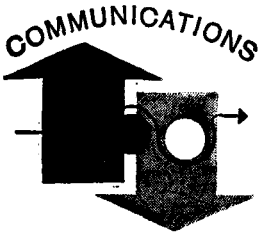
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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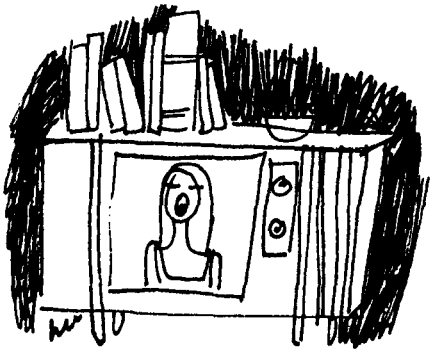

Fairfax Cone, the FCC, and TV Advertising

MR. FAIRFAX M. CONE, chairman of the executive committee of Foote, Cone & Belding, is a man to reckon with in the world of advertising, particularly television advertising, since he has been at the very top of his profession for a quarter of a century and his agency handles annual billings approaching $200,000,000 of which almost a third are in TV. Some of the big TV accounts Foote, Cone & Belding handles are Kraft, Clairol, Armour, and Hallmark, so when Mr. Cone says something about TV commercials he talks from no academic ivory tower and any thinking adult American should stop and listen to him. Mr. Cone is, incidentally, also chairman of the board of trustees of the University of Chicago and a trustee of the Committee for Economic Development.

The Federal Communications Commission, on the other hand, has nothing whatever to do with the placement of advertising in television and is not in business to make money for itself or its clients. The FCC simply represents the public in the vast exploding electronics field which has become so much a part of American family life. About all the FCC can do in the area of TV advertising is to use public pressure through intensive and persuasive studies of problems involving the well-being and comfort of the average TV listener, then pass along recommendations to industry engineers, broadcasters, and advertising agencies, all of whom have a financial stake in network commercials.

Now, what have Fairfax Cone and the FCC in common professionally? Very little, one would suppose, since they are in a sense on opposite sides of the television operation. Yet in recent weeks this obviously has not been the case, for both have been talking about the same thing and have come pretty much to the same conclusions, though understandably from different points of view. Mr. Cone writes in the July *Fortune* that "almost all viewers of television who view it with anything less than complete devotion blame advertising for their discontent . . . They blame advertising not only for what television does that they object to, but also for what television does not do that they want it to."

Mr. Cone then quotes a recently completed study by Elmo Roper and Associates for the Television Information Office in which a representative sampling of the TV public was asked: "Which one of these four statements comes closest to describing how you feel about commercials on television?" Here are the results from each of the four questions, not counting 6 per cent who did not know or would not answer the Roper poll: "I dislike practically all commercials on television . . . 10 per cent. While some of the commercials on television are all right, most of them are very annoying . . . 26 per cent. There are some very annoying commercials on television, but most of them are perfectly all right . . . 35 per cent. The commercials on television seldom annoy me—in fact, I often enjoy them . . . 23 per cent."

By sheer coincidence, on the same day that Mr. Cone's provocative piece on TV commercials hit the newsstands, the FCC issued a major statement of policy concerning the problem of loud commercials on television and radio. For two years the Commission has studied intensively

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the problem of the loudness of commercials, including those that cannot be electronically modified. This study was the result of innumerable complaints from the public that many, indeed most, commercials on TV are louder than adjacent programing, often so objectionably loud that listeners are compelled to turn the volume down. The FCC concludes in its new report that "objectionably loud commercials are a substantial problem, are contrary to the public interest, and their presentation is to be avoided." The FCC tells TV and radio broadcasters that if steps are not taken to avoid objectionably loud commercials the stations will risk losing their licenses. The FCC adds: "The complaints obviously cannot be dismissed on the ground that 'commercials aren't really loud, they just sound loud,'" which is the usual response from broadcasters. Vincent T. Wasilewski, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, has replied that "most of this is beyond the broadcaster's control, and the problem of loudness is so subjective that he will not know when his commercials would be considered loud." But this sort of semantic nonsense has already been repudiated throughout the advertising business and the FCC has now approved a suggestion by the American Association of Advertising Agencies that the Four A's establish a screening unit to check recorded commercials referred to it by the Commission following complaints of loudness.

We feel precisely as Mr. Cone does in his provocative *Fortune* article: "Television has grown big and rich and flabby . . . Never have profits been better for the operators and never has the product of television, which is programing, shown less imagination and less promise . . . Gone entirely is the old excitement about great new things to come. . .My friends in broadcasting have again cast their lot with mediocrity." Mr. Cone finds "unmistakable indications" that among college and university students rejection of *all* advertising is increasing. Since we feel strongly that America cannot exist under its traditional economic system without the advertising that makes possible so many of our creature comforts at so wide a level of distribution, any industry factor that encourages the brightest segment of our youth to reject all advertising is dangerous and stupid. Whether it is the abandonment of imagination in programs, the uncomfortable fact of rich flabbiness, insensate disregard for objectionably loud commercials, or, as Mr . Cone suggests, contentment with mediocrity, what's bad for television is truly worse for the advertising business which ought to seek deeper involvement in the TV act, but fast, before all advertising suffers in consequence. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

The Law v. Herbert Brucker

IT WAS with a great deal of interest that I read the article, "A Crack in Canon 35," by Herbert Brucker [*SR*, July 10]. With due respect to the writer I must respectfully demur both to the "facts" cited and the conclusions drawn therefrom. Indeed, it must be asked whether even one of Mr. Brucker's basic premises is correct, to wit: that both lawyers and journalists agree that the controversy (regarding televising of court trials) rests on fundamental freedoms: the right of an accused person to a fair trial and the right of the public to know.

First of all, the term "accused" seems to suggest that the author has in mind only criminal trials where the life or liberty of a citizen is at stake. But if "the right to know" is truly involved why omit the civil trial where "only" property or status or compensation is the issue? Does this not raise the presumption that what is involved is not primarily "the right of the public to know" but rather the duty of the network or the corporate station owner to make a profit? Now, there is nothing wrong with a profit motive here. But why not say so; why is it necessary to hide the real reason behind an ostensible one? In any event, all trials or court proceedings (with minor exceptions) are open to the public. This is a constitutional guarantee—but I am not aware of any constitutional provision that guarantees a manufacturer of cigarettes or of a deodorant an increase in his sales by using or misusing commercially the highest function our governments can perform: the administration of justice.

I know well that most trials—even criminal ones—are slow and tedious. Only occasionally is there a spark of high drama. It seems likely that merely these short moments will be televised, possibly preceded by a Western, followed by a Hillbilly show, and interrupted by a commercial inquiring about the "regularity" of the viewer. Must Mrs. Wheeler, the third juror from the left in the front row, wear a different dress every day because she is "on television"? Will the State's prosecutor, who may have further political ambitions, use the "show" for personal publicity? Will the witness under cross-examination (the most effective vehicle known to elicit the truth) be more concerned with his "image" than with the facts?

And what about the defendant? Suppose he is charged with a heinous crime but he is in fact not guilty? Indeed, let him who advocates televising criminal trials be the first innocent defendant in a statutory rape case and let him be concerned with the impression a million of his neighbors may get from juicy tidbits of false circumstantial evidence. A defendant is entitled to his day in court—but ABCD-TV is not constitutionally entitled to sell fifteen minutes of time at his expense. I can hear it now: "You have just seen Tam Miller listen to the question of the prosecutor whether she saw the defendant on the large patio at the time the crime was committed. What will she say? Listen to her answer in just thirty seconds. But first a word from our sponsor, Taj Mahal Beauty Soap."

Justice is the synonym of an aspiration, Mr. Justice Cardozo has said, a mood of expectation, a yearning for what is fine or high. I am sure that Mr. Brucker has written his article with an honorable motive and a sincere concern. Of course, trials must be public and the public has a deep interest in trials. The public's legitimate interest, however, as Mr. Justice Frankfurter has so well stated, precludes distortion of what goes on inside the courtroom, dissemination of matters that do not come before the court, or other trafficking with truth intended to influence proceedings or inevitably calculated to disturb the cause of justice.

WILLIAM R. MALSH.
Tucson, Ariz.

MR. BRUCKER'S contemptuous treatment of the statements made by three members of the Supreme Court, Justices Douglas and Clark and Chief Justice Warren, shows a singular lack of taste. Mr. Brucker holds up to ridicule the concern of these men about the rights of the accused and their opinions about the effects of television on these rights. His only conclusion is that TV, if handled correctly, will not necessarily impinge on the rights of the accused.

Mr. Brucker challenges three justices of the highest court in the land to *prove* that TV is inimical to the rights of the accused. Mr. Brucker is aware, I hope, that no such proof exists. But Canon 35 is the belief of the official organization of the body of men in this nation whose profession it is to guard those rights. It was created in the belief that broadcasting from the courtroom would disrupt and influence the trial. It was not a rule established from empirical evidence, the legal profession chose not to risk jeopardizing the rights of the accused and confined trial coverage by news media to the traditional methods. Mr. Brucker shows only his ignorance by challenging the Supreme Court to *prove* that TV will compromise the rights of the accused. It is for the news media to prove that they can televise trials tastefully, accurately, and fairly, not the legal profession.

PAUL HUGH ZAHN.
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

I ENJOYED Mr. Brucker's piece. Without discussing the pros and cons of courtroom photography, I think it should be pointed out that the American Bar Association is a private organization and its canons are not binding on the courts.

About thirty years ago the Chicago Bar Association criticized some judges serving

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on the local bench. The judges as a group met, decided they could not be subject to the discipline of such an organization, and resigned from it en masse—although they did subsequently resume their memberships in it.

Aside from the question of whether a bar association, which is made up of lawyers who are technically servants of the courts, should be able to set standards for the courts is another question—whether any organization which selects members on the basis of considerations other than competency and integrity should have any official, quasi, or de facto status. I am thinking of the traditional reluctance of bar associations to admit Negroes to membership.

JAMES E. FOSTER.
Peoria, Ill.

I WOULD LIKE to take issue with Herbert Brucker. There are other weighty reasons why television coverage of trials should not be allowed, but twelve years' experience in prosecuting criminal cases suggests that two points should be made as to the judge, jury, witnesses, attorneys and all others actually concerned with the trial.

First, Mr. Brucker, and others favoring television coverage of trials, states that with modern equipment no one in the courtroom would know that the trial was being televised. This is obviously nonsense, unless everyone taking part in the trial is quarantined or sealed off from the rest of the world until the trial has been completed. Even then, from the presence of equipment, technicians, etc., in the courtroom only a very obtuse person would fail to realize that the trial was being televised. I know that the District Attorney and his staff have enough problems in the course of a criminal trial without concerning themselves as to what impression they are making on a large television audience. The tendency to ham, to play a role, is present in all of us. Television coverage of a trial could not help but bring this out to some extent in everyone.

Second, Mr. Brucker and others suggest that any abuse resulting from television coverage can be prevented by the judge having control over the coverage. This, I am certain, would put another grave burden on the presiding judge. Every lawyer knows that the judge has grave responsibilities in deciding the legal questions presented in the course of a trial, supervising the conduct of all concerned with it and especially today, in criminal cases, in seeing that the defendant's rights are fully protected. Mr. Brucker would add to these duties the restraining and directing of television coverage of the trial while it is in progress.

The two objections I have made are most obviously concerned with the trial of criminal cases and arise out of my experience in this field. But of course television coverage if allowed would be sought after mostly in criminal cases, especially those of a sensational nature. These cases, I know from experience, are difficult enough for everyone participating in the trial under our present conditions, without the added aura of television coverage. I think it could be safely suggested that the television industry actually is seeking another source of program material. A series of "Criminal Trial of the Week," if newsworthy cases could be selected from all states, should be very successful. Or perhaps a "Rape Trial of the Week" series could replace Peyton Place for the late viewers.

I do believe that television could perform an excellent public service by educating the public as to what does take place in the trial of a case. A series of programs for this purpose could be made, perhaps showing excerpts from actual trials. These could be made if the television cameras were in some manner built into the courtroom so that only the presiding judge would know whether or not they were in operation. After the conclusion of the case the films could then be shown as part of a study of our judicial process. But this would be far different from the unrestricted coverage of any or all highly publicized cases, probably with profitable commercial sponsorship.

JOHN HUMPHREY, JR.,
Assistant District Attorney,
Tenth Judicial District.
Fort Sumner, New Mexico

THE CONCLUSION of Herbert Brucker's exhortation favoring courtroom television coverage in which he confesses his dream of taking pictures of the Supreme Court in action, then publishing them, pretty sure he "might get away with it," reveals the current status of American morality. And, speaking of getting away with it, I can see now a TV commercial for "Get Away Tires" following the testimony of the driver of the get-away car in a televised murder trial. And, must I now admit that our aim to attain perfect justice can best be served by offering jaded TV viewers a peek into judicial proceedings? And, while I'm fuming at Mr. Brucker, I thought anyone accused of crime is entitled to *his* day in court, not *a* day in court. Or does this era of sloppy language ignore such a distinction? And, furthermore, if the news media bear the responsibility of making self-government possible, as Mr. Brucker suggests, here are a few ways for them to busy themselves before crashing the courts:

1) Televise foot-weary volunteers ringing doorbells, trying to get registered voters to sign petitions so the names of qualified candidates may appear on the ballot. Viewers will see many fine homes and late-model cars parked in driveways, and many people who just don't happen to be registered to vote.

2) Televise passers-by on the corner of any Main Street. Find out how few know who represent them in Congress and in their state legislature.

3) On television, poll the passers-by on whether or not they can identify the ward and precinct from which they are entitled to vote. See if they know the name of their precinct committeeman.

ESTHER RICE BATTENFELD.
Cleveland, O.

The Newspaper as Utility

THE ANALOGY in R.L.T's editorial, "Money, Merger, and Monopoly," [*SR*, July 10] between a public utility such as gas or electricity, and newspaper publishing did not reconcile me to what some regard as the inevitable. If bookkeeping were the sole consideration, I'd agree that "one to a city is absolutely essential, more than one eco-

(*Continued on page* 61)

"In your heart you know I'm right!"

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ARE WRITERS MADE, NOT BORN?

By RICHARD DIERS

AS A COLLEGE STUDENT Walter Van Tilburg Clark discovered that the writing of fiction could be, in his own words, "an amusing diversion." What originated as an amusement was destined to evolve into his life work, first through the exacting discipline of writing poetry, then the short story, and finally, the novel.

Today Clark's stories are widely anthologized, he has three novels to his credit—among them the highly regarded *The Ox-Bow Incident*—and he is currently at work on a biography. Writer-in-residence at the University of Nevada, he has directed creative writing workshops at Stanford University, the University of Montana, and San Francisco State College. As one might expect, he is deeply convinced that creative writing, within certain inherent limitations, can be taught on the college campus.

"Everyone accepts the fact that a person who wants to become a musician must take music lessons somewhere along the line," he explained recently. "No one is amazed when an aspiring painter enrolls in figure-drawing classes. But in the academic world, where people ought to know better, I'm constantly confronted with the attitude that writers are born, not made. What's more, I'm told that courses in creative writing should be kept in their proper place, as a kind of half-acceptable program in a dark corner, where they won't interfere with serious academic progress. I imagine the popularity of this view is ascribed to the fact that everybody speaks, reads, and writes a language, and since writers use language too, why should lessons in creative writing be necessary? Yet, at the same time, nobody has the slightest doubt that college students should concentrate on freshman composition and advanced English courses if they're going to develop their communicative skills. But a talent for creative writing? People assume one is born with it."

To Clark the basic differences between a writer and the average person are clearly defined.

"Fundamentally a writer uses his ears and eyes better than the average person," he explained. "As a result his memory is keener and he remains more concerned about life, continually making associations between his past and his present. It's not a difference in kind, actually, it's a difference in degree. Courses in creative writing supply a necessary kind of preparation for the student who intends to become a writer by improving his technical proficiency. They can save him what can be a matter of years in finding his own way. Whether or not the student becomes an artist is something else again, however, for nobody can be taught to be an artist.

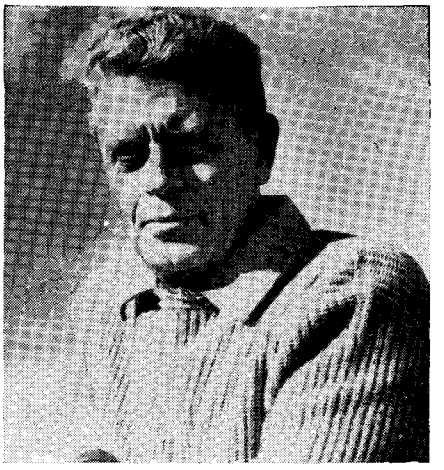
"Before he has anything to say or can define his own philosophy, his own view of life—or, to paraphrase Henry James, when he can 'discover his own subject,' a student has to attain a fairly mature level of competency. In reality his subject discovers *him*, emerging from his entire life, and his environment, and developing all sorts of psychological connections within him."

In college, the formative years of the novice writer are underscored—and often marred—by literary influences. The derivative work of an undergraduate English major hoping to one day become a writer may reveal the adverse effects of two or three literary masters, or worse yet, just one.

"Ernest Hemingway's prose, for instance, may hold him spellbound," noted Clark. "I've known many young people who were caught in that trap because of Hemingway's deceptively simple style. As Hemingway himself said, 'I developed my style because I couldn't write, it's the only thing I could do.' Many students with the same attitude are baffled when they can't find their own way, when they can't discover a language of their own. They mistakenly believe that style is something that can be created automatically by sitting down at the typewriter. Style isn't that easy to come by. It's the result of years of growth, of the development of a personality, of an attitude.

"Then there are always those students who become addicted to highly infectious prose by writers such as James, Wolfe, Faulkner, the Joyce of *Ulysses*—some of the most dangerous influential literary people in print. *Ulysses* seems to be the point where the big infection sets in. So the students write long, long passages in Joyceian prose that are nothing but imitations on the language level that have not emerged from their own experiences and consequently have no depth. And then they become bewildered when nobody cares for them."

An alert instructor can divert his charges from such perils at the risk of temporarily stifling their creative efforts. In most cases, Clark believes, the risk is well worth taking. Clark has had to admonish his "infected" students to stop reading Faulkner, for example. "Cut it out," he has ordered them. "Your ear's infected. Sure, Faulkner's great, he's done tremendous things. But his world isn't your world. It's not your vision of that world or your natural language rhythm. Nothing about it is yours." Yet there are those who struggle vainly for years to free themselves from such literary servitude.



—*Wide World.*

Walter Van Tilburg Clark

"Sometimes it's a perfectly natural association," Clark admitted. "A student might have some regional affiliation with a certain writer, and perhaps many of the questions that stirred the writer are questions that prompted the student to put words down on paper too. Then the situation becomes doubly dangerous because if the writer has said some things magnificently, the student will be tempted to write about these same things. He'd jolly well better write about them in a fresh manner or turn his attention to something else."

In *The Ox-Bow Incident* Clark expressed the gross injustices that paralleled the rising menace of Nazi Germany in the late 1930s. He champions causes, convinced they are vital to a writer's development.

"A person isn't going to write anything worthwhile until he is driven by a concern for some specific qualities in life. I've little use for the 'art for art's sake' school. No one is going to work very long at writing unless he is interested in the craft as more than just an art form. His concern has got to arise with specific matters in this world."

When is an individual prepared to work independently, free of ties to teacher and textbook?

"When he has attained a degree of proven critical detachment. In other words, when he no longer tosses off a grossly Joyceian piece at two in the

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morning with a feeling of tremendous inspiration," Clark stated. "When he can evaluate his own writing with sufficient objectivity and recognize another influence upon it, when he knows when he is saying something that hasn't been said before and can trust his own critical judgment—only then will writing emerge that is truly his own.

"Some extremely talented young people have taken a long while to arrive at such a degree of critical objectivity because they were too self-doubting by nature, they lacked the will, the necessary degree of detachment. In the final analysis some remarkably gifted students have come to nothing because they could never evaluate their own performance with confidence.

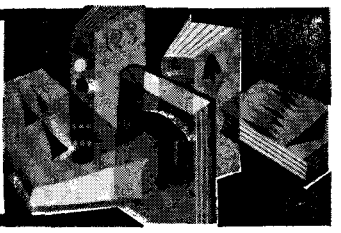
"There is a vast difference between the creative state and the critical state of mind. In the creative state—the initial stages of writing where the imagination seizes hold—one loses himself entirely in the piece of work so that it produces itself, so to speak. The critical state is completely analytical—one asks how the writing occurred, how should it have occurred, and what differences would improve it. In my way of thinking, no one has written well in the critical state of mind."

Does the critical state of mind successfully serve the teacher's own writing, though? Clark, teacher and writer, confesses that it keeps his imagination at bay.

"The critical state can become a real bug-bear when you're in the classroom. You're thinking and talking so much that you can't rid yourself of it when you begin to write. It's like a spook who has been haunting your students—now it begins to haunt you too. It taps you on the shoulder and says, 'Unh, unh, Clark, that won't do.' And before you've written two paragraphs it's warning you, 'Ah, but what are you going to do in Chapter twenty-seven if you start out like this?' The situation is analogous to the proverbial centipede who had no trouble getting about until someone asked him how he managed so well with all those legs, then he began to think about it and discovered that he couldn't move.

"The beginning writer who learns anything about what he's trying to accomplish will fill a great many wastebaskets. That's part of the creative process. As he grows he has to maintain a deep conviction that everything he is writing about matters, that it's essential. Ten years later he'll discover that little if any of it *did* matter. Twenty years later, if he's lucky, he may come close to saying something in his own voice. Anybody who thinks he can achieve that in less time is only kidding himself. For writing—well, it's a slow business."

Books in Communications



The Way It Was

BOOK PUBLISHING, as any reader of the financial pages knows, is no longer exclusively the occupation for gentlemen that one publisher has called it; more and more it is also an occupation for businessmen. The complexities of mergers, Wall Street, movie and television rights, book clubs, paperback reprints, and a vast tangle of other awesomely intricate considerations have turned virtually every publisher, whether he likes it or not, into a man who must secretly wish his brain could somehow be crossbred with a computer.

Things have not, of course, always been this way, and one convenient way to relive publishing's past is to read Harold S. Latham's *My Life In Publishing* (Dutton, $5), a loving reminiscence, judiciously spiced with a few harsh words, by a long-time (1909-52) editor for the Macmillan Company. Mr. Latham's qualifications for his recollections in tranquillity are impressive. He joined Macmillan when he was fresh out of college, eventually became a vice president and top editor, and in the process was privy to both the happy triumphs and hopeless disasters that help make book publishing as precariously uncertain as a night in Las Vegas. It was Mr. Latham who, on a trip to Atlanta in 1935, managed to persuade a reluctant Margaret Mitchell to let him read an enormous chaos of a manuscript titled *Tomorrow Is Another Day* (the title was eventually changed to *Gone With the Wind*, and the rest is history). And it was also Mr. Latham who, upon reading an unsolicited manuscript by an unknown writer named Kathleen Winsor, said emphatically that such a book—it was about a woman named Amber and was, judged by the literary mores of its day, somewhat gamy—would besmirch the Macmillan reputation and should under no circumstances be published (the sales manager, calling Mr. Latham an old grandmother for his prudishness, ultimately won the battle, and *Forever Amber* was brought spectacularly to life).

It is this kind of candor that gives *My Life in Publishing* much of its charm. Mr. Latham knows, as only an editor tempered in the thick of publishing's battles can, that you can't win 'em all. Part of the business lies in its inevitable mistakes, and the honest editor knows that the best he can do is hope his mistakes will be counterbalanced by enough sound decisions. It is Mr. Latham's credit that he not only can admit his mistakes but also laugh uproariously at them. It's a rare talent in any business.

Mr. Latham learned publishing the hard way, which may in the end be the only way to learn it (or anything else). He started in the advertising department, doing work he hated at $14 a week, but in time—largely by default—he began to do editorial work and to meet authors. "My first actual contact with authors," he writes, "came largely

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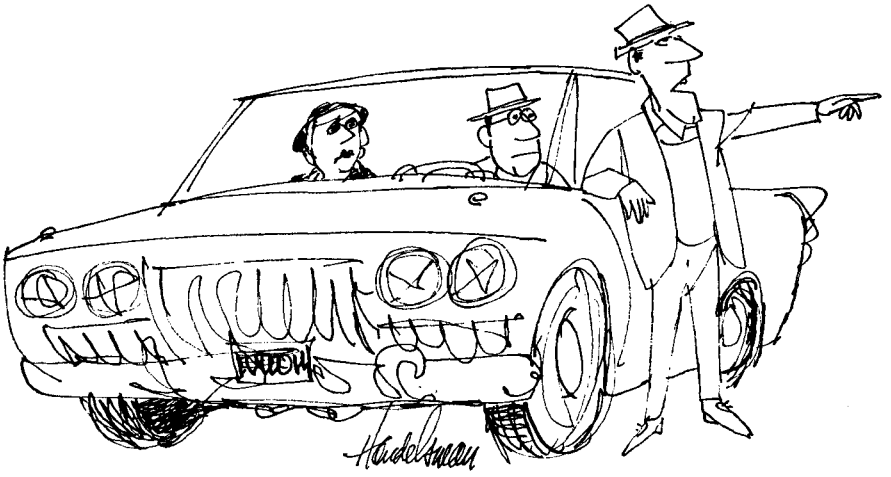

"That way madness lies."

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Nat Fein (N. Y. Herald Tribune).

How to Write Animal Stories

By JOHN O'REILLY

THE NEWSPAPER ANIMAL STORY, an institution as old as newspapers themselves, appears to be suffering another decline. This is a bad sign but, I assure you, it is only temporary. It is impossible to keep animals out of the news for long. They are abetted by the man behind the front page, sometimes known as constant, or average, reader, who will always demand good animal stories sandwiched in between grim accounts of wars, floods, and murders.

By decline I mean that instead of the carefully covered, fully written stories of doings in the animal world many newspapers now print a two-column picture of some critter and underneath it carry a few paragraphs of whimsy. ("Mother Cat Adopts Squirrels," "Monkey Leads Cops In Gay Chase," "Elephant Allergic To Peanuts," "Cat, Up Tree Three Days, Saved By Firemen.")

Newspaper editors who think this sort of thing is sufficient coverage of the nation's fauna are dead wrong. Readers like to be assured that cats are still adopting squirrels and that monkeys are escaping on schedule but that type of anecdote is insufficient leavening for gloomy international events or the ponderous mathematics of high science. What the subscriber likes to read to his wife across the breakfast table is an animal story that is amusing yet has the ring of truth. He may chuckle or groan over concocted gags but once he detects fabricated foolishness you have lost him.

Alas, the animal story that is both funny and factual is in greater demand than supply. Traditionally a newspaper animal story is supposed to be humorous. Too often it is an attempt that fails and becomes sad. There are some animals that are inherently funnier than others. A goat is humorous but a dog is more an object of kindly affection. A donkey is funny in a ponderous sort of way but a pig is hilarious.

In the long ago it was the custom to assign the "fair-haired boy," the current funny man on the staff, to an animal story. Above all his piece was supposed to smother the reader under a pile of gags. The truth didn't matter as long as the story was funny. Nobody was going to sue over an animal. Perhaps a biologist had devoted five years of research to discovering something about an animal. The reporter would interview him briefly, perhaps by phone, and then concoct a series of wisecracks leaving the scientist to wonder if that was all his work meant to the world.

As a youth on the New York *Herald Tribune* back in those carefree days before wars and other world events gobbled up so much newspaper space I was the newspaper's animal reporter, a hazy title at best. Some people apparently

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thought it meant a reporter with fur and a tail for one woman phoned and asked for "your man who lives in the zoo."

During those years I sought to discover the ingredients of a sure-fire animal story but never succeeded. Sometimes I would put all I had into a story which I thought would be a success even if it was written in Sanskrit. To my dismay, it would fall flat. Other stories written in haste to meet a deadline and which I thought would not cause a stir, brought widespread response. However, long practice did teach me some things.

When I first went up to the American Museum of Natural History, in what now seems like Devonian times, to announce that you were a reporter was like saying that you had smallpox. The scientists there had been victims of too much wisecracking fiction. Having had a background in the subject, I went to work to present their side and still make the stories entertaining, possibly even funny. It took a long time but finally the scientists began to trust me.

ONE day in the Department of Experimental Biology I happened to notice an albino pond frog in a terrarium and learned they were using it in studies of albinism. With the eagerness of youth I went to work.

I interviewed staff members in the department. I phoned other scientists for comment. I got a photographer from the office to photograph the white frog. The story was used on the front page and continued inside with the picture. It disclosed that museum scientists were studying an albino specimen of Rana clamitans, the green-headed pond frog, a thing that scientists said was as rare as human quintuplets. (The Dionne quints were still in the news then.) The lengthy story told the history of the frog from the time it was found and became a children's pet until it reached the museum. It discussed the phenomenon of albinism in detail.

The same morning the story was printed there were eleven still photographers and newsreel men and a squad of reporters from other papers on hand when the laboratory opened for the day. For a week there was little work done in the department because representatives of news magazines, out-of-town papers, wire services, etc., had to be kept abreast of events concerning the white frog.

Letters and gifts from readers poured into the museum. They received boxes, crates, and cages containing live albino crows, woodchucks, mice, and other pale critters. One reader said he was shipping quintuplet frogs which caused considerable mystification until they arrived and turned out to be five large frogs carved out of wood. One woman wrote saying that her six children included a little albino boy and if the museum was interested in studying albinos she would be glad to send him along.

At a Mark Twain anniversary celebration in Central Park the albino was crowned "Queen of Frogs" while ten little girls in green frog costumes did a frog dance around the throne and May Irwin sang the frog song she had sung in a Broadway show not long after the turn of the century. During this batrachian orgy, which, of course, was in honor of Twain's jumping frog, a member of the museum staff sent along as bodyguard to the frog, stood near the throne scowling over such non-scientific duty.

The success of this story and the personal popularity that the frog achieved puzzled me. One thing was obvious. Here was a specimen of the ordinary pond frog with which almost everybody in the eastern half of the country is familiar or has, at least, childhood memories. But this pond frog was different from the rest and hence it became a thing of interest. A general story about albinism in animals would not have had the same appeal but Whitey, as the frog had become known, led readers into the subject without their being aware of it.

Who would think that widespread affection would be displayed toward a frog? Who, for that matter, would expect people to get worked up when a big gorilla at the Bronx Zoo was being treated for athlete's foot? But they did, some even writing in to tell how they cured their feet when they had it. The letters were written as though the writers fully expected the information to be passed on to the gorilla.

It is astonishing how emotional people can become over animals. There are some species long recognized as highly controversial. In New York City it appears there are two large segments of the population, one of which loves pigeons and the other of which hates them with a vehemence that sometimes leads to violent action. There are few persons who will not take sides. This urban pigeon war has gone on since Colomba livia, the wild European rock dove first moved into town. It is an endless source of newspaper stories.

Sometimes this concern over animals reaches extremes. One time a gang of monkeys escaped from the Long Island establishment of Frank Buck, the animal collector. All attempts to capture the agile band had failed and the simians were living in nearby trees, naturally causing human crowds to gather below. Finally they put out pans of whisky and water, figuring that the thirsty monkeys would drink it, become woozy and thus be more easily captured. The monks over-indulged, became horribly drunk and suffered agonies. Some of them died of acute alcoholism.

The newspaper stories of the escapees and the chase after them were amusing to readers but when they read of the results of the whisky trick they became furious, threatened all manner of action and didn't let Frank Buck hear the last of it for a long time.

Every big city, New York in particular, harbors countless animal stories which are there for the digging. Shipments of rare animals arrive periodically; duck hawks live atop skyscrapers and dive on pigeons; wild animals sneak into parks; a fox was once found inhabiting Yankee Stadium; zoos, museums, the Aquarium and other institutions are, of course, rich sources; and once in a while an opossum slips into the Bronx and is found grinning at an embarrassed housewife.

ANIMAL reporters must be constantly on their guard against planted stories. Too many unscrupulous persons are aware of the publicity value of animals and will use the poor beasts to their own ends. We could almost predict the times when a monkey or two would "escape" from a certain New York animal establishment with gratifying stories of cops chasing them across city roofs.

Acting on a tip that a woman in Brooklyn had a monkey that would wash dishes I hurried over there with a photographer. The monk jumped into the sink, made suds briskly and went through the motions of washing the dishes all right but that, although unusual, made a pretty thin anecdote. But as the monkey scrubbed, the woman stood by uttering adoring phrases, her eyes bright with admiration of her pet's accomplishment. Her husband stood on the other side of the sink uttering denunciatory remarks about the monkey such as, "Look out, he'll bite the hell out of you." The dishwasher returned his caustic comments with ugly grimaces.

This scene, along with the comments of the man and the woman, was described in careful detail. Once again I was surprised at the reaction. I had merely been trying to enliven a meager story with the divergent comments of the couple.

Readers wrote letters taking sides in the family triangle. Some took the woman's side. Others expressed sympathy for the husband and shared his dislike for his wife's kitchen accomplice. A few, but only a few, spoke only of the monkey, denouncing his culinary chore as though it was some form of child labor.

After a study of these reactions and the results of other stories I finally came to the conclusion that readers are more interested in peoples' reaction to ani-

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mals than they are in the animals themselves. It may well be that the best animal story is the one in which the animal is the catalyst that brings out human traits. Whether that be the case or not it is high time that newspaper editors got back to the well-told tales of the nation's fauna instead of a standard-type picture and a handful of wisecracks.

People are proud of their pets when they appear in print. One time a friend asked me if some years before I hadn't written a story about a dog in a certain Third Avenue saloon that, when given a nickel, would go across the street and buy itself a Hershey bar at the candy store. When I admitted the charge he advised me to make another visit to the saloon. Usually willing to return to a saloon I went up there to learn that the dog had since died. There, in a glass case behind the bar was the dog mounted by the taxidermist with gruesome fidelity to the aged pooch in life. Pasted inside the case for all to see was the story of the pup's penchant for buying Hershey bars. Don't try to tell me that newspaper animal stories are quickly forgotten. The current slump is bound to pass.

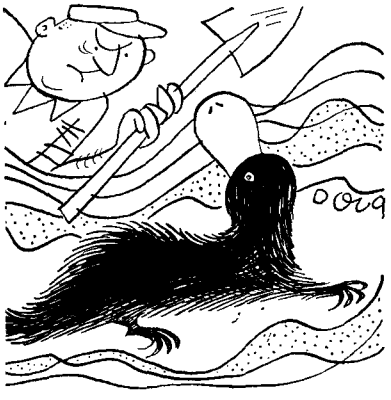
John (Tex) O'Reilly is one of America's best-known writers of animal feature stories. For twenty-eight years he was a star in the New York Herald Tribune's *firmament, specializing in light stuff. Lately he's semi-retired in Florida but writes occasionally for* Sports Illustrated *(on nature, of course). Following are typical samples of his animal feature leads for the* Herald Tribune:

* * *

The Bronx Zoo had trouble over the weekend with a pair of overheated penguins which were found gasping when the motor of their cooling apparatus went on the blink. But yesterday zoo officials announced that the crisis was passed and that their penguins were once more cool, man, cool.

* * *

Consternation, dismay, and finally a heavy feeling of disappointment swept over officials and keepers at



the Bronx Zoo yesterday when they dug Penelope, the duck-billed platypus, out of her underground home only to find that she was not a mother after all. Penelope's actions since July had indicated she was raising a family, but the brazen hussy hadn't even built a nest.

At 7:30 o'clock last night a zebra stuck a hind foot out the rear end of a small canvas-covered truck parked in Herald Square at the southeast corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue. Christmas shoppers formed a crowd around the truck and watched as the threshing animal kicked rhythmically. Gilbert Hoad, driver of the truck, got out, took one look at the waving foot and realized he was in a fix.

* * *

FISHER'S ISLAND, N.Y.: Winter residents of this island summer resort, off New London, gathered tonight to discuss the strange achievements of Bring-'Em-Back-Alive Hibiscus, a large tomcat which has developed a mania for collecting rabbits. Since his peculiarity developed two years ago, Bring-'Em-Back-Alive Hibiscus has brought home approximately 150 live cottontail rabbits. He doesn't harm the rabbits, just brings them in and turns them loose on the carpet.

Books

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as a result of my being the cub of the staff. Many authors pay little heed to office hours and have a way of arriving on the scene just about closing time. It is then that the youngster is called into service, for the bosses have important engagements which make it imperative for them to leave promptly at five o'clock!" It was in this way that the young Latham met, among others, the poets Amy Lowell ("smoking the inevitable big black cigar") and Vachel Lindsay ("sprightly elf, moody pessimist") and began to learn that most subtle branch of psychological warfare, the author-editor relationship. And over the years his schooling was to be put to good use, with a succession of writers as diverse as Herbert Hoover and James Michener, John Masefield and H. G. Wells, Immanuel Velikovsky and John Steinbeck. His descriptions of these and others are crammed with incident and anecdote and understanding.

But if Mr. Latham's eye is largely on the past, it is also clear that he has not ignored what's happened in publishing since his retirement. In fact, his sharpest words come in a brief concluding chapter, "From the Outside Looking In." Here he laments and lambastes publishing's recent excursions into big business, the rush toward mergers, and the fact that "far too many books are being put out today that never should have found their way into print." But things aren't all bad, in his view. More people are reading books than ever before, and there is still a place for the beginning writer.

It is worth hoping, too, that there will always be a place for other editors like Harold S. Latham.

The Way It Is: For anyone concerned with the problems of the U.S. press, it may be comforting to know that it's not exactly smooth sailing in England, either. *The Press in Modern Society,* by Robert Hornby (Frederick Muller Ltd., London; distributed here at $4.50 by Sportshelf, P. O. Box 634, New Rochelle, New York), tells why.

In England, too, newsmen worry about the rising tide of public relations men who separate the reporter from his news source; men in high places worry about the press's power of investigation and exposure; and nearly everyone, from the government to the man on the street, apparently worries about the enormous influence of the press. All this and more is described briefly and briskly, if in no great depth, in a survey that's worth the attention of any U.S. newsman who wonders what his British colleagues are up to these days. —JAMES F. FIXX.

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The Ubiquitous Medium

By JOHN TEBBEL

IN THAT vast American circus tent known as communications, the elephants and performing wild animals in the center ring have drawn public attention away from a corner of the big top where one of the most astonishing juggling acts in the history of media has been drawing a steadily increasing audience. To lift this metaphor out of the sawdust, the juggler is the ubiquitous newsletter, which today covers a wider range of interests than any other medium and collectively represents the broadest cross-section of American life.

The newsletter is no stranger to the print media; newspapers began in that form, at first in manuscript. As early as the fifteenth century, one of the most common uses today, the financial or economic newsletter, was anticipated by the German commercial empire of the Fugger family, which kept its far-flung operatives in Europe and Asia informed by that means. If newsletters are now obscured by other media, it is because they are not an advertising medium and their circulations are relatively small. Their function is to inform a special audience in a special way.

Newsletters have grown so rapidly—a new one appears nearly every month—that no one knows exactly how many there are, since they are not subject to the accounting methods of other media. An educated guess would be nearly 3,000, divided into two broad categories, commercial newsletters and those used for public relations purposes. In format they are much alike in some respects, almost uniformly 8½ by 11 sheets, and simple in design. Typographically, they range from typewritten and multigraphed four-page productions to little magazines of eight, twelve, or even more printed pages, with spot color and imaginative layout. They vary from the flatly informative to the highly personal.

This unique field has burgeoned to the point where it can support a newsletter on newsletters, titled appropriately *Newsletters*, published in Chicago by the Newsletter Clearing House, a division of Enterprise Publications. The four-page monthly report provides titles and descriptions of new newsletters, changes in those already published, case histories of the more successful ones, and discussions of operational and management problems in the field.

Why do they exist? Newsletter enthusiasts sometimes argue that it is the only way people can get information which advertiser-supported media do not print or broadcast, but this explanation would satisfy only those (and their number is not inconsiderable) who believe advertisers exert the same control over newspapers that they do over magazines and broadcasting. The real reason newsletters prosper is that they carry information too specialized for the other media, too commercial to be carried in the others except as advertising, or too opinionated to appear as anything but editorials or signed columns.

In some cases there is another reason for a newsletter's existence—the illusion given to the subscriber that he is getting inside information. It is true, too, that many newsletters are so specialized that subscribers can obtain such information in no other way. *Newsletters* itself is a good example of this category, which accounts for its high (by consumer publication standards) subscription price of $18 a year, a figure anything but exorbitant in the field. For the kind of information commercial newsletters supply, subscribers are willing to pay annual subscription rates of anywhere from a dollar to more than a thousand dollars. Many of these publications are kept on file in binders for reference.

A few newsletters appeal to a broad market, and naturally these are the best known. The *Kiplinger Letter*, which advertises itself widely in magazines and newspapers, has long been established as a clearing house for consumer and business information, with various publishing subsidiaries. Other commercial outfits in the field include the Bureau of National Affairs, the Commerce Clearing House, and the publishing house of Prentice-Hall, among many others.

Occasionally a commercial newsletter achieves fame in its own area of interest by sheer individuality, which customarily results in controversy. It would be hard to find one more controversial than the *Gallagher Report*, published by a hardnosed magazine broker named Bernard Gallagher, who began his enterprise as a means of advertising his brokerage and consulting business. Today the report covers the magazine, advertising, merchandising and public relations fields in Gallagher's unabashed Irish style for an audience estimated to be 10,000 (newsletter circulations are not audited) subscribers, some of whom would like to see the publisher hanged but who don't dare stop reading his *Report*.

The elder statesman of the non-commercial newsletter field is *Grey Matter*, which Grey Advertising, Inc., has been publishing for thirty-five years. Like other agency newsletters, it began as a device to publicize the firm's name and activities, but in time got into analyses of general business conditions, with which of course the agency is intimately involved. *Grey Matter* now has a monthly national edition and a bimonthly retail edition, and is highly regarded.

Public relations, a profession whose influence in American life is far greater than most people suppose, has found a natural outlet for its multifaceted activities in the newsletter. One of the oldest and most respected is the *P.R.B. Newsletter*, published by the Public Relations Board, a Chicago company with offices elsewhere. For a decade it has sent its reports to an audience that today numbers 5,000 management men, and that celebrated if amorphous group known as opinion leaders.

New public relations newsletters sometimes seem to appear with every commuter train from Westport. One of the most recent is *Concepts*, which emerged last month from the offices of Irving L. Straus Associates. As an example of the kind of specialized information these publications offer, *Concepts*' first issue gave corporation executives ten suggestions in a piece titled, "Getting Your Company's Story Across In College Recruiting." Remarkably, not one of the ten ideas was the employment of a public relations firm.

A six-page bimonthly with an initial press run of 10,000, *Concepts* is intended to reach the egghead as well as the industrial world, a purpose reflected not only in its content but in its circulation to research organizations and university

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libraries as well as the usual outlets. Similarly, *P.R.B. Newsletter* publishes such management-oriented, non-commercial articles as "A Straight Look At The Corporate Image," "The Importance of the Trade Journal," and "Coordinating Public Relations and Advertising."

To anyone encountering the newsletter industry for the first time, the most remarkable thing about it is its astonishing variety, as well as its numerous ramifications. *Newsletters* recently reported among fresh entries in the field such publications as these:

THE *Investor Relations Newsletter*, published monthly by Foristell Associates in New York, whose $50-a-year subscribers are top management men who read it for its discussions of the practical problems faced by company managers charged with maintaining and improving good relations with their shareholders and the investing community at large. It talks about such matters as how to handle hecklers at the annual meeting (always a live topic) and better ways of preparing the annual report. Newspaper financial writers quote from it, as they do from many other newsletters.

Vision Latin American Letter, published weekly in New York at $35 a year, reporting on significant economic and political developments in each Latin-American nation, telling why particular events are taking place, and forecasting new developments—all of obvious interest to American firms with investments, present or contemplated, in the volatile area south of Miami Beach.

Business Film is published monthly by the Stephen Colhoun Company, in New York. Colhoun, a noted international photographer, distributes his publication to a controlled list of companies, advising them on their film problems, and the uses of film in business.

Older publications cover, as *Newsletters* puts it, every interest "from stocks to sex, from legislation to hideaway islands." *Notes and Quotes*, for example, the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company's newsletter, is a quarter-century old and reports whatever of significance is printed on employee relations in other newsletters and magazines, and sometimes in books. *The Score*, published monthly by two communications consultants, Marg Sammons and Bob Newcomb, provides industrial editors and other communicators with ideas and campaigns that have proved effective.

In Milwaukee, the *Harnischfeger News Record*, the Harnischfeger Corporation's weekly, not only provides a business news roundup related to its own occupation (the manufacturing of heavy construction equipment) for some of the most important corporate names in the country, but also distributes a recorded *News Record* to subscribers at their homes every other Saturday morning. On this disc, the news is analyzed and recorded by Ben Grauer on one side, while the flip side is devoted to sports and news of interest to women and children. The records are also broadcast on various FM stations around the country on alternate Sunday afternoons.

The newsletter formula readily adapts itself to every kind of human activity. *Drive-In Management Market Newsletter*, published every month in Duluth, devoted to eating habits, foods, and trends in the drive-in restaurant industry, uses essentially the same pattern as *Understanding*, a quarterly newsletter published by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Council for the Advancement of Science Writing, Inc. *Understanding* is designed to improve the public's knowledge of science, and is distributed free. A recent issue told of the rash of "science plays," and weekly science pages in newspapers, and carried an editorial on the role of the National Science Foundation.

Newsletters tend to have devoted readerships – "for those prices, you've got to believe them," one cynic remarks—but no doubt the high point in believability is reached by the newsletters of banks and other financial institutions. These are read assiduously by some people in search of clues which will lead them to a killing in the market. Other subscribers trust the soundness of the views of a particular bank or financial analyst, and rely on the newsletter as a guide to their business or investing activities.

BECAUSE of the differing opinions such publications are bound to present, there is a certain rivalry among these newsletters not present in other parts of the field, and since some of them carry an impressive weight of authority, what they say often inspires a sharp reaction from those whose interests may be hurt. Last month, for example, Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman was incensed by the July newsletter of the First National City Bank of New York, which had charged that the Administration was inconsistent in its excise tax cuts, and in advocating a "bread tax" that would, so it was alleged, raise the price of bread. Mr. Freeman termed this "sheer economic nonsense," and accused the bank of "playing politics." The dispute spilled over into newspaper headlines, disclosing to the public for a moment how seriously newsletters from important institutions are taken, and how much influence they may have.

While the field is growing, occasionally a newsletter expires, for lack of interest or because it has failed to fulfil its purpose for some reason. *Newsletters* records these failures along with the new entries. Recently on its "scratch sheet," it listed *Retirement Planning News*, published by American Heritage Publishing Company, and in the next paragraph announced a new publication, *The Gallatin Letter*, by the same company, reporting every two weeks on current developments in the overseas business field. Sociologists may make of that what they will.

"Do me a favor? Stop wishing me 'Bon Voyage' every morning."

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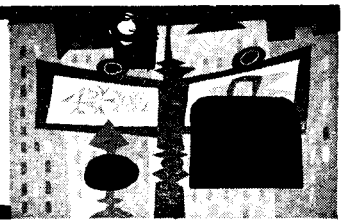
Madison Avenue



Multi-Agency Marketing

By GEORGE LAZARUS

ONE OF the phenomena of modern marketing is the product manager concept. For the payoff, you need only seek the testimony (or look at the sales and profit statements) of many of the nation's bigger advertisers, who are adopting it. The product manager system becomes stronger as companies diversify, merge, and acquire new (and even unrelated) properties. They introduce an endless flow of new products and require more and more new agencies to handle them.

Some companies have operated successfully with only one agency but their ranks are thinning. The multi-agency concept for major advertisers is well established and growing. The nation's biggest advertiser, Procter & Gamble, for example, recently selected a new agency, No. 12 in its stable. Even advertisers with budgets substantially less than the giant advertisers are taking a hard look at the feasibility of having two or more agencies.

This has been particularly true so far in 1965. Such prominent advertisers as Libby, McNeill & Libby, Canada Dry Corporation and Hunt Food and Industries all added a second agency to represent them. And a sizable number of other blue-ribbon companies, including the Seven-Up Company and the Drackett Company, have considered or are considering such a move. This is happening for a variety of reasons—the product conflict in the firm's major agency, re-evaluation and emphasis on a certain product or products, desire for a new creative approach and new thinking, and developing an atmosphere of competition between agencies.

The selection of a second agency is still an individual case but there are some governing factors that must be taken into consideration both by the client and the agency.

Every advertiser must be aware that the billing of the products assigned to the new agency must be substantial enough to command attention. The second agency must have this sufficient billing or it cannot recruit good personnel or even supply marketing services such as merchandising and research, which are necessary to serve a client adequately today.

If the initial assignment involves only limited billing, there must be some sort of agreement that, depending on performance, the second agency will be given an opportunity with new products.

What level of billing is necessary in an assignment to another agency? It probably should involve several million dollars a year. In Libby's case, the food processor transferred $2,500,000 in billing for its frozen foods and canned meats from J. Walter Thompson Company to its newly appointed second agency, Tatham-Laird & Kudner. Over $4,000,000 annual billing for canned vegetables and fruits, condiments and juices remained at JWT, which has been Libby's principal agency since 1897.

As important as are billings, the selection of a second agency must be determined by product categories. There must be a realistic split of the product line. In many companies today, products are marketed as autonomous divisions frequently competing for the same market-dollar.

There is almost unanimous agreement that you never split a product among agencies. Yet, this is what Falstaff Brewing Corporation did two years ago. The St. Louis-based brewer selected a second agency, Wade Advertising, to promote its brand in California, Nevada, and Hawaii while the firm's major agency, Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, continued responsible for the rest of the country.

Falstaff apparently reasoned that these three states, particularly the California market, needed the special attention (and a new creative approach) of a second agency. Most admen would consider this a serious mistake. The belief is that the product must have the same personality or image everywhere. As much as Americans travel, and even relocate (20 per cent are said to change addresses every year), they are exposed to all forms of advertising. The thinking by those who disagree with a geographical split of a product is that there must be continuity in the advertising. Dissenters also argue that there are extra and unnecessary expenses (research, TV production, media) incurred by two agencies working on the same product. However, Falstaff has been satisfied with the results of the split. And you can't argue with success.

Another facet of the two-agency or multi-agency concept revolves around competition. Some advertisers establish a multi-agency system because they believe it sparks competition between the different shops. "You've always got to keep your agency driving," said one New York advertising executive. The appointment of a second agency may or may not do this. It's difficult to convince many agency executives that they'll work harder when another agency is appointed. Any agency worth its salt is going to produce 100 per cent in either case.

An advertiser in a multi-agency operation should never let either of the agencies solicit each other's business. The agencies should operate with the understanding that if they perform, they will be rewarded with new assignments.

This may be what a client hopes will be the understanding by his agencies. A second agency, however, becomes hungry for more billings. Did you ever hear of one that wasn't? No agency, whether it's the principal or secondary one, wants the smaller piece of business from the same client. As far as the second agency is concerned, its foot is in the door no matter how much billing is involved.

As an illustration, this foot in the door is what has given Doyle Dane Bernbach and Papert, Koenig, Lois, considered among the best creative agencies in New York, substantial billings from Quaker Oats Company, a Chicago firm. Both received an initial assignment, later picked up additional billing. The Chicago offices of J. Walter Thompson and Compton Advertising were Quaker's major agencies until DDB and PKL were added to the roster. JWT has lost a small share to the newcomers. And Compton is left with one product because the Quaker shifting has affected this agency.

Still using Quaker as an example—the firm recently assigned the advertising of two products to Rink, Wells & Associates, a newly formed agency in Chicago and a new one for Quaker. In the case of Rink, Wells, a small slice of the

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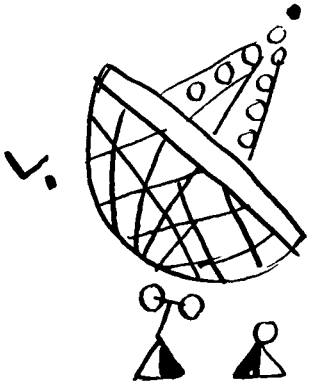
Quaker account is welcome in many ways. If the agency proves itself, does an outstanding creative job, it may have a chance at other products. By the same token, the Quaker name is a prestige one. Identification with a client of this stature can be useful in new business solicitations—especially when an agency is a fairly new one and does not have big billing.

While the trend to multiple agencies is growing, there is one possibility in account assignment that most advertisers have not thought enough about: When an advertiser is considering a split of the account, with the addition of another agency, which is a branch office of the firm's present agency. That is, if a client of the New York offices of J. Walter Thompson or Young & Rubicam or Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn wanted a fresh creative point of view, the product or products concerned could be shifted to the Chicago or some other fully staffed operation of the same agency. This could work from any city to another.

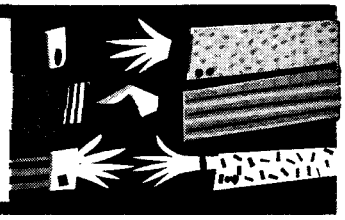
One Chicago agency executive had this to say: "A lot of the unrest in the agency business could be alleviated if clients were encouraged to take a look at the creative work of one of its other offices if there was a problem. Instead of going on a search for a second agency, which can be time-consuming and costly, he might transfer the account or products to a branch office. In most cases, when an advertiser wants to shift or split some business, he's not really unhappy with his present agency. He wants some new thinking. Transportation is so simple today that an agency can service a client at a far distance with comparative ease."

Whether it's one or more agencies under consideration, an advertiser should look before he leaps to another outside influence. Frequently he has not plumbed the depths of his current firms, and has only himself to blame if he takes on additional time and sales responsibilities.

Despite this, the second-plus agency concept is growing as an answer to better product management. Only a careful look at the profit-and-loss statement will confirm the wisdom of such a move.



Public Relations



Where Do They Come From?

UNDER the vast umbrella of public relations there are many types of practitioners. But those who are public relations directors of large corporations, to do their job, must have abilities and skills that are unusual. They must understand our economic system, business, management's needs, government and politics as well as public opinion and media. Unless they do they cannot serve effectively.

Where do these men come from? What are their backgrounds? Were they developed by following certain prearranged courses? No small survey of the origins of corporate public relations directors can tell the whole story but a look at a baker's dozen industries, and one leading man from each, should offer better than a clue—especially for those who would hold such a job.

James W. Cook, vice president-public relations for American Telephone and Telegraph Company was born in England, is a graduate of Yale University, entered the Bell System in 1929 on graduation and has worked nowhere else. He was in traffic, operations, administration, merchandising and marketing before becoming public relations director in 1959.

Robert H. Scholl, director of public relations for Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) was born in New Jersey, is a graduate of Princeton University and Columbia University Law School. After working for a New York City law firm he joined Esso Standard's law department in 1937. He was executive vice president and a member of the board of management of Esso Standard, a division of Humble Oil and Refining Company, before being named to his current post in 1960. He will retire at the end of September.

Glen Perry, director of public relations, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, was born in New Jersey, is a graduate of Princeton, worked for the old New York *Sun* in New York and Washington for seventeen years, from 1927 to 1944, before going with the company as assistant director of public relations. He was appointed director earlier this year.

Anthony G. De Lorenzo, vice president, public relations staff, General Motors Corporation, was born in Wisconsin, graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1936, worked for the Racine *Journal-Times*; spent nine years with the United Press in Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Detroit before joining the Kudner advertising agency as public relations counsel to the Fisher Body division of G.M. He has been with the corporation since 1949 and was appointed to his present job at the beginning of 1957.

Dale McFeatters, vice president, information services, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, was born near Pittsburgh, studied at the Art Institute of Pittsburgh and the University of Pittsburgh, worked for the Pittsburgh *Press* as a news reporter, a radio broadcaster, and as the paper's business and financial editor from 1931 until 1945 when he joined Westinghouse as director of employee information. He was appointed to his present post nine years later.

Milton Fairman, vice president of the Borden Company, was born in Chicago, studied at Loyola University there and the University of Chicago, worked for the City News Bureau and for ten years at the Chicago *American*, the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* and the Chicago *Evening Post* before spending two years, beginning in 1935, with Interior Secretary Harold L. Ickes in Washington as assistant to the director of public information. He then was hired by Borden's in Columbus, Ohio, and in 1943 was transferred to New York and made director of public relations.

Dean R. McKay, vice president, communications, International Business Machines Corporation, was born in Seattle, graduated from the University of Washington, has been with the company since 1946. He worked in sales, managerial posts, in the office of the president of the company, was director of personnel for IBM's data processing division before being appointed director of communications. He has held his present job since 1961.

Merle A. Gulick, vice president public relations-personnel, The Equitable Life Assurance Society, was born in Jackson, Michigan, is a graduate of Hobart College and joined Equitable on graduation in 1930. He has been there since. His work experience includes that of being manager of the Philadelphia and New York group departments, executive assistant to the president, and vice president of the group department. He has

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held his present position since 1960.

John E. Fletcher, director of public relations, Merck & Company Inc., is a graduate of Penn State University with a master's degree in English literature. He taught high school English for eight years, from 1936 to 1942; was production manager of a small non-theatrical motion picture company in Hollywood, worked for ten years for the National Institute of Health, before going to Merck in 1960. He has been public relations director since 1961.

Thomas H. Robertson, director of public relations, Eastman Kodak Company, was born in Wales, graduated from Hamilton College in 1933, was a writer for Prentice-Hall, worked in advertising at Corning Glass Works, in sales at Pillsbury Mills and the portable typewriter division of Remington Rand. He has been with Eastman Kodak at Rochester since 1945.

John L. Fleming, general manager of public relations, Aluminum Company of America, was born in Long Island, New York, is a graduate of Indiana University, class of '41. He worked as an editorial assistant for *Barron's* in New York and as an assistant bureau chief for Transradio Press Service in Chicago. He went to work for Alcoa in Pittsburgh in 1942 and has been with the company ever since, having been appointed to his present job in 1958.

Phelps H. Adams, administrative vice president-public relations, United States Steel Corporation, attended the University of Colorado at Boulder, is a graduate of Columbia's School of Journalism. He went with the New York *Sun* in 1926 and remained there until it folded in 1950. He was the paper's chief Washington correspondent for more than fifteen years. He joined the corporation in 1950, and has held his present post since the beginning of 1964.

C. C. Uhling, manager of public relations for the Procter & Gamble Company, was a salesman with National Lead Company for six years prior to going with P&G in 1926. He has worked in sales, advertising, and was manager of the merchandising division of the general advertising department until he was appointed to his present job in 1959.

These thirteen men hold important jobs in key industries, some of them involving heavy administrative duties. Three of them have worked only for their present companies; five were seasoned newspaper men before going into public relations; three had other media experience. One was a highly experienced lawyer, another a high school English teacher.

Where does a high ranking corporate public relations director come from? The answer is simple: wherever management finds the man it wants.

—L. L. L. Golden.

Communications Letters

Continued from page 51

nomically ridiculous." The fact remains that the printed page involves problems of a broader nature than merely furnishing fuel or physical illumination.

When the element of choice is ruled out as a consequence of a newspaper merger, inevitably there are disgruntled persons only too anxious to become sporadic purchasers or non-readers. In New York, for instance, only a portion of the circulation belonging to discontinued newspapers has been added to the totals of the remaining publications. The same doubtless is true in other communities. Some are alienated from the dailies still available when they note that news emphasis is different. Others are annoyed when favorite writers or features fail to find new homes. Sometimes editorial expression varies too much with their views—it has been said we like to have our cherished opinions confirmed, not exploded.

Just as variations in shades of thought are an integral part of a republic such as ours, so ought this diversity to be reflected in the newspapers available to us.

Thomas G. Morgansen.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

TV and Public Service

I read R.L.T.'s editorial, "TV and the Ultimate Public Service," [*SR*, June 12] with enthusiastic agreement until the final paragraph. Up to that point it had been a legitimate, forceful, and rational outcry for better programing. With the final paragraph, however, it became a sophomoric and snobbish appeal without any practical considerations. Granted that prime TV time is a conglomeration of cliché comedy, lurid sex, and dull variety the suggestion to force-feed culture and intelligence to the public is still absurd. Certainly the old cliché about leading a horse to water holds true. Do you honestly believe that people would be "improved," that a form of intellectual osmosis would take place if your suggestion were put into effect by the networks? The "selective viewer" may be ignored by Nielsen's mathematics for a very simple reason: numerically he is insignificant.

I hope the point of this letter is not misunderstood. I am not defending mediocre programing. Certainly great improvements must be made, and of course the potential of TV as a medium of raising the level of American culture has not even been scratched. Nevertheless I would hope that the method used to achieve this would be less arbitrary and dictatorial in nature. The ethical considerations of television's role have not yet been satisfactorily resolved. But intelligence by decree or proclamation is not the answer.

Al Daly.

Maplewood, N.J.

On page 66 of your June 12 issue is a letter from one of your readers saying that the survey you referred to pertaining to dissatisfaction with television was not scientifically sound since, like the *Literary Digest*, you polled only a select group rather than making a random selection from all types of persons. The inference was made that the Nielsen ratings are sound and scientific because, although polling a relatively small number of persons, the Nielsen people *did* poll a thorough cross-section of the population. I do not believe they do, though I am only guessing. My guess is that the Nielsen ratings are concerned only with people who have TV sets and watch TV. In other words, they show only the opinions of those who are satisfied with television. They ignore completely those of us who cannot stomach TV because of the repulsive repetitive commercials, the Westerns, and other general rot. The only scientific survey in this area must involve itself with the opinions of those who have sold their sets or refused to buy one in the first place.

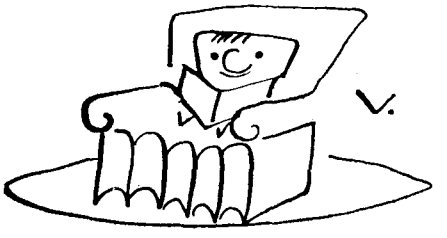
You publish an interesting magazine, gentlemen—more power to you.

Bruce Klingbeil.

Aspen, Colo.

In Support of the L.A. *Times*

William Ruddick [*SR*, July 10] charges that publisher Otis Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times* is "playing cultural censor" in refusing to accept advertising for the plays *The Dutchman* and *The Toilet*. Not true. Every responsible publication rejects advertising repugnant to its standards and Mr. Chandler was exercising his editorial judgment which, in this instance, may or may not be mistaken, but is certainly his responsibility. Turning Mr. Ruddick's argument around, it may be suggested that he and his fellow critics are saying that *they*



should set the standards of the *Times*—which is certainly not their responsibility. Mr. Chandler published his drama critic's complimentary review of the plays and lists them in the paper's calendar section. He evidently is more tolerant of his critics' point of view than they are of his. As editor of a publication that often has noted the deficiencies of the *Times* in the past, may I submit that the consistent improvement of this newspaper in the last five years is remarkable and, more than that, unique, perhaps, in current daily journalism in this country.

Phil Kerby,
Editor,
Frontier.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Expatriate William Ruddick's critical letter regarding the Los Angeles *Times*'s refusal to print certain theatrical display advertising indicates only that Ruddick has a perfect right to express an opinion on Otis Chandler's stand and Mr. Chandler has the right and duty to his readers to maintain the customary good taste of the paper. Ruddick can be assured also that the publisher's mother is a lady of good taste in journalism

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as well as music and would not sanction the type of vulgar bathroom advertising Ruddick is exercised about. There is no issue of "censorship"; bad taste by the *Times* standards, even prize-winning bad taste should be advertised elsewhere. This is an era of "prizes", "awards", "plaques", ad nauseum.

ALEX SILVERSTEIN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

An "S" for an "R"

WE DON'T CARE what they say about us so long as they spell our name right!

WALTER WEIR,
President,
West, Weir & Bartel, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our profound apologies to Mr. Weir, et al. In our defense we must explain that Mr. Kaselow's handwritten "r" and "s" look very much alike, hence "Bastel" for "Bartel." Sorry.*

The Forgotten Indexer

ALAS, we've been forgotten again. I refer to John Tebbel's informative and otherwise complete article "Keeping Up With Knowledge" concerning encyclopedias in the July 10 issue of *SR*. He goes over the editorial team from the boss, editor in chief, editors, writers, etc. on down, but never reaches the last (and we think one of the most important) members. Of course I refer to those anonymous characters who make the whole set useful for the person who wants to find everything about a particular subject wherever it might be scattered by the article writers; to wit: the *indexers*.

As a professional indexer of law books for many years, I like to think that I haven't scattered my cross references, correlative tie-in references, subject groupings, etc. all for naught. The obscure (but important) reference to Aardvarks might be buried in the article on Zilch, but the user will never find it without the index, and I'm certain that Mr. Tebbel rarely consults a reference work without constant use of the index.

He also refers to "that old-fashioned, non-electronic gadget. . . ." and of course that isn't completely accurate, for the grapevine carried the news to me that one of the big encyclopedia producers is rather deeply involved in computer programed indexing, which if perfected will phase me out as well as cutting down on the back-talk from subscribers. Can you imagine a computer complaining for not being acknowledged in an *SR* article: "Deer mister tebl*** rgding nonmention indexers art jul 10 bee***correct***be ***advzd that a; sldkfjgh a; sldkfjgh; a; sldkfjgh. . . ."

WILLIAM N. HESS.

Burnsville, N.C.

Thanks for Burr Shafer

AS A STRUGGLING CARTOONIST may I say "Thank you" for the Burr Shafer tribute in the July 10 issue of *SR*. Even the "big ones" come and go without too much fanfare, but it is encouraging to see two pages devoted to Mr. Shafer. He certainly earned it for his consistent and unique ideas. Thank you again.

PAUL J. QUAIVER.

Chicago, Ill.

Ugly Russian

Continued from page 39

Touré may have been a Communist, he was first and last an African nationalist.

Although the Russians have been losing out in parts of Africa and the Middle East, there is no reason for the West to become complacent. The Chinese Communists have often assumed their place. Lasky claims that since the ouster of Khrushchev there is considerable evidence the Chinese and Russians are becoming increasingly cooperative in the underdeveloped areas in spite of the names they call each other in public.

Even though this book does not live up to all the claims made for it by the publisher, it does give an insight into the problems any European or American nation faces when dealing with peoples and cultures so different as those of Asia, Africa, and the Middle East. It is high time we fully recognized these differences and began seriously to develop a true understanding of and sympathy for the millions of people in these new nations who want to become an honored, respected part of the modern world.

State of Affairs

Continued from page 10

ticipating. But it is still unknown what kind of role the Asian Development Bank is intended to play. As for the Mekong River plan, that project is so far from North Vietnam that it can hold no great attraction for the government in Hanoi. Moreover a billion dollars, while no vast sum as economic development goes, would be difficult to invest, the planners say, for want of enough really worthwhile projects. It would require some three years for development in the area to gain the momentum required to bring the maximum absorbable capacity to about one and a half billion dollars a year.

There are of course some very basic difficulties in developing such a blueprint. One is the question of participation; another, that an Asian country, rather than the United States, should promote it. And here Japan comes to mind. But the Japanese still seem apprehensive about taking any major political as contrasted to economic initiatives in this area. They suffer—and perhaps this is not altogether undesirable—from some kind of "counterphobia" when it comes to exerting power. It at once fascinates and scares them.

But there is not only the need to explore conditions which would lead to negotiations between Hanoi and Saigon. A link must be developed between economic arrangements and political conditions for the cessation of hostilities. In the end it seems to me the blueprint will have to be based on three vital elements:

1. An external, credible guarantee of the national borders of North and South Vietnam, possibly through the big powers with direct interests in the area;

2. Free movement of all commodities, persons, and capital within the area of Indochina, with the possibility of certain additional guarantees to assure North Vietnam, where rice is traditionally scarce, of adequate supplies from the South;

3. Establishment of joint institutions to which a consortium of donor countries could allocate external aid to the four countries of Indochina: South and North Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia; or, if this were feasible, to the eight countries of Southeast Asia.

For the time being Hanoi insists that it is winning, that it therefore does not want to negotiate except on its own terms. The determination of the United States to protect South Vietnam, as reflected by the heavy commitment of American troops, may convince the North Vietnamese Government that it makes more sense to negotiate than to continue the killing and the destruction. Little, it still seems, can be expected from broad, pacifying proposals for the area.

But there can be no harm, indeed some good may in the end result, if the United States comes forward with a more comprehensive plan for pacification and economic cooperation in the area. This war, for the Vietnamese, is one of political conquest, but behind it are some serious economic designs however much they are overlaid with political ones.

The President's proposals are useful and encouraging as far as they go, but they do not deal with the basic problems inherent in the division of Indochina. Nor do they go far enough in projecting the progress and potential rewards that peace would bring to the peoples in this troubled area. —HENRY BRANDON.

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Sherwood

Continued from page 20

Ferber, and Raymond Massey, the latter, who was in England shared his with Geoffrey Kerr. The jailbound days of waiting for a verdict were mercifully short and all the responses fulfillments of Sherwood's highest hopes. The Playwrights were so enthusiastic that they decided to overlook the fact that the production costs would exceed the allotted $25,000. Anderson voiced their group reaction when he telephoned to say that *Abe* had given him "a lifting of the heart." Sheldon hailed it as "a noble portrait painted with a noble art." Miss Ferber thought it "an amazing characterization, touching, real, and done with a masterly simplicity." Massey, whom Sherwood had had in mind for Lincoln since seeing him in *Ethan Frome*, cabled that he was "too moved for words" by *Abe*. Kerr was confident that he could see the play acted even as it then was and "have as good an evening in the theatre as I have ever had."

SOME nine months were to creep by before the Playwrights inaugurated their first season. One of the reasons for delaying the production of *Abe* was that Massey had to complete his London run of *Idiot's Delight*. Soon after this, on one of the most beautiful mornings he had ever seen, with New York at its best and his hopes high, Sherwood sailed down the bay on a revenue cutter at 6:45 A.M. to meet Massey on the *Queen Mary*. The rehearsals for *Abe* started the next day and to Sherwood the play sounded fine. Two weeks later came the run-through—a challenge, which had been an ordeal when the Theatre Guild's directors met as a group to sit in judgment on one of his plays. This time, with the Playwrights as audience, it was no ordeal at all. After another two weeks of arduous rehearsing, which on one occasion lasted from 7 P.M. to 5 A.M., *Abe* opened in Washington to "superb" notices, "a triumph" for the play and for Massey, which was repeated the next week in Baltimore.

The gauntlet of the New York opening was still to be run. It was faced on October 15, a Saturday night, which meant an apprehensive Sunday spent waiting for Monday's reviews. Sherwood and Madeline watched the performance from the light balcony of the Plymouth Theatre with Rice and Anderson. All of them were nervous; all had much at stake. The first two acts seemed dull to Sherwood—"too many coughs." Rice, as the director, was relieved to see that the performance was dynamic and the mechanics smooth. But later, in *Minority Report*, he confessed he was disturbed by his feeling that the audience, though attentive, lacked warmth and excitement. He saw that Sherwood was worried, too.

With the beginning of the first scene in the third act the atmosphere changed. There was, to be sure, a woman in the front row who created momentary consternation by talking as audibly as if she were one of the speakers in the Lincoln-Douglas Debate. She turned out to be Sherwood's mother, Rosina, proud and approving but so deaf that she was unaware that she could be heard. In spite of her, Rice remembered the scene "evoked a great round of applause" and "from then on the intensity of response increased." The evening's end, according to Sherwood, was "really thrilling—tremendous cheers—twenty-six curtain calls."

THE Sherwoods gave a large party at the Barberry Room after the opening. It was one of those theatrical parties which can be either a launching or a wake. Although the mood was jubilant, the congratulations flowed like the champagne, and the party lasted until five in the morning, Sherwood was dubious. From long experience he knew that the spoken enthusiasm of friends can be very different from the printed opinions of critics. Pleased as he was, he was impatient for Monday's papers and the reviews. The long, the unnerving watch lay ahead. He got through the blue Sunday as best he could. After dining with Madeline at home, the two of them went to Rice's apartment to wait for the early editions which were on the streets by midnight. The raves in the *Times* and *Tribune* put an end to the agony. By the next afternoon all the daily notices were in, and Sherwood summarized them in his diary by saying, "*Times, Tribune, World-Telegram*—fine. *Mirror, News, Sun, Journal*—fair. *Post* (John Mason Brown)—rotten."

I was decidedly in the minority with almost everyone against me, certainly everyone whose opinion I respected. I have come to know from his diary that what I challenged in *Abe* was what in part bothered Sherwood in his despairing moments while writing it. This was too much reading, too much homework, and too little playwriting by Sherwood himself.

In successive scenes Sherwood showed the young Lincoln as a student, a postmaster, the suitor of Ann Rutledge, a small-town lawyer, the reluctant husband of Mary Todd, a negligible Congressman, and a hater of war who long avoided the issue that might bring it about. Exciting and noble as the final episodes are, I still think there is a shadowy, pageant-like quality about these earlier scenes during which Lincoln emerges, in spite of himself, as the great, sad man who leaves Springfield to shape the nation's course in Washington. What I failed to sense on that opening night was the true dimension of Sherwood's play, his rightness in letting history speak for itself, and the skill with which he, aided by Raymond Massey's superbly moving performance, restated the American dream at a moment in the world when this restatement was dramatically needed.

During the writing of *Abe*, Sherwood had had many dreams in which Lincoln appeared telling him he had done a good job. Although less authoritative, the critics and the public were of the same opinion. Few plays in our time have been greeted with such notices as *Abe* received.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois did not win the Critics Award—no play did that season—but it did win him his second Pulitzer Prize. It did achieve a resound-

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And show him the list of grievances—you're about to be fired anyhow."

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ing run of 472 performances, and collect a cozy $225,000 when the film rights were sold to RKO and Max Gordon. Moreover the public found in Raymond Massey an Abe who still haunts the memory as the embodiment of the bumbling, humorous, tragic Lincoln, illumined by an inner light, who was summoned to greatness by events.

It did more than that. It marked, as I was too blind to realize at the time, a tremendous development in Sherwood himself and a reversal of the negative attitude which had been his during the years of disillusionment after the First World War. "It seems to me," he wrote when he was working on *Abe*, "there's one fundamental subject with which I am most concerned—*growth*. My own growth, and that of the characters I write about, and the ideas they express. No play seems worth writing if, at its end, its principal characters have failed to attain during its two hours greater stature. Of course, *Abe* is the supreme manifestation of that purpose so far."

The growth that Sherwood marveled at in Lincoln had in its own way occurred within him. Lincoln, opposed to slavery, was at first even more opposed to the idea of going to war to end it. He hated war with Sherwood's fervor, but in the end was forced to admit that the moment comes when men must fight for what they believe in. This moment was not to overtake Sherwood until after months of soul-searching during which he hoped and despaired, and finally recognized the inevitable was at hand.

As the New York first night of *Abe* approached, events clutched increasingly at Sherwood's conscience. That he, long articulate as a pacifist, chose to write about a man who was forced to wage a war which would cost thousands of lives, including his own, was in itself a change, a change in attitude as marked as the change in the form he used and the tone of his writing. Busy as he was rewriting his play, attending rehearsals and out-of-town tryouts, or following the fortunes of *Knickerbocker Holiday* on the road, he could not tether his interest to the make-believe of the theater. The headlines preyed increasingly on his mind. More and more they pointed to the coming of that war the outbreak of which he had dramatized in *Idiot's Delight*.

Sherwood wrote *Abe* from basic beliefs that had changed, and it changed his career. From then on, more than being a playwright, he emerged in the public mind as a public man. As surely as it took years for Massey to escape from the part of Abe, Sherwood in the future was associated with the dimensions of his play about Lincoln. Having presented Abe as the embodiment of all that was challenged in democratic values, he himself came to be considered as a spokesman for those values. He did not carry Lincoln to the White House in his play, but his play was to bring Sherwood there, and in time make him a member of Roosevelt's inner circle.

Although they had never met, five days after the Washington opening Eleanor Roosevelt wrote him a longhand letter from the White House. "Dear Mr. Sherwood: I am just back from seeing your play and must tell you not only that I enjoyed it but that it moved me deeply. Mr. Massey acts beautifully a difficult part, and the audience was more enthusiastic than I have ever heard them here. I hope the play has a long run. Strange, how fundamentally people seem to have fought on much the same issues throughout our history! My congratulations to you." Mrs. Roosevelt, whom Sherwood had long admired, did not stop there. In her syndicated column "My Day" she wrote the first of her glowing tributes to *Abe*. Her generous enthusiasm was the beginning of a long and close friendship.

The person who did most to open the White House door to Sherwood was Harry Hopkins. Sherwood met this bright-eyed, intrepid, deeply loathed and deeply loved man early in September when *Abe* had just gone into rehearsal. Their first meeting took place on a Long Island weekend "under the hospitable roof of Herbert and Margaret Swope." He seemed taller than he was because of his ravished body. Plainly he was "a master of the naked insult," and no less plainly his fervor shone out in spite of his frailty. His laugh was "high and sharp and seemed to have an exclamation point in it."

In his diary Sherwood noted, "Long talk at breakfast with Harry Hopkins, the WPA Administrator, a profoundly shrewd and faintly ominous man." This was all he put down, but he remembered that on that occasion Hopkins talked to him "very agreeably, revealing a considerable knowledge of and enthusiasm for the theater. He took obvious pride in the achievements of WPA in the Federal Theatre and Arts Projects," and Sherwood believed he had every right to be proud.

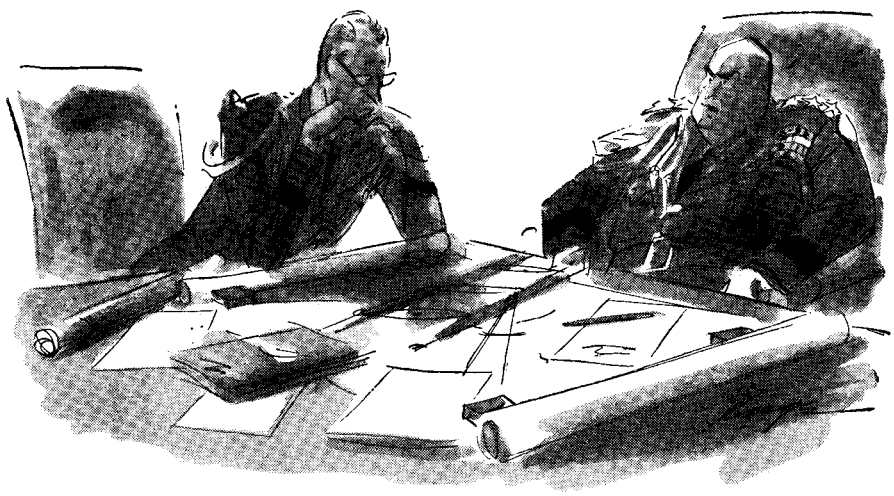
But, he added, "I did not quite like him. He used such phrases as, 'We've got to crack down on the bastards.' I could not disagree with his estimate of the targets in question but I did not like the idea of cracking down. I had the characteristically American suspicion of anyone who appeared to be getting 'too big for his breeches.'"

Nonetheless Sherwood was interested in Hopkins and Hopkins in him, though neither of them had the slightest notion that their acquaintance would lead to the closest friendship and bring Sherwood into intimate association with Roosevelt as one of his ghostwriters. This interest showed itself on the day when a nervous Sherwood was awaiting the opening of *Abe* in Washington. Hopkins considerately asked Sherwood to lunch with him. Then he took him to the White House where he showed him Lincoln's bedroom. "Furniture perfect. A great thrill," noted Sherwood.

He did not realize that in the years ahead he would on occasion sleep in that bed himself or the great thrills which were to be his at the White House. Hopkins, it might be added, was at the party at the Barberry Room after the New York first night of *Abe*. No one was more responsible than he for choosing Sherwood for the role he was to play at the heart of great events—and on a larger stage.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 18, 13, 20, 14, 10, 9, 19, 2, 12, 7, 4, 1, 8, 15, 5 or 17, 17 or 5, 16, 6, 24, 11, 3, 22, 23, 21.



"Well, Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon and Bismarck didn't have Hanson Baldwin on his back, either!"

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1636

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Thick pieces of lumber with bark on one or both edges; salted and cured sides of hogs.	64 3 81 151 129 161 8 185
B. *Base, dishonest.*	117 133 5 56 84 203 76 41
C. In the lowest point (of something; 3 wds.)	176 201 189 152 26 86 199 167 10 69
D. One of the two features of Omar's "chequer-board."	194 65 83 142 157 160
E. Leg-room under a desk.	57 15 105 40 72 29 136 187
F. Finished with high gloss, as mercerized cotton, glazed pottery, etc.	190 54 115 35 198 100 162
G. One of two Chilean seaport cities which are specially active in export of nitrates.	61 53 182 103 47 139 153
H. Those who gather certain tree fruits.	92 2 141 180 46 21 7
I. Sifted.	74 111 172 177 89 143 97
J. Cumbersome.	114 145 13 79 175 90 195 59
K. Moving with greatest celerity.	131 196 91 158 68 171 98 28
L. In a rustling way; how Julia moved in "that liquefaction of her clothes" (Herrick).	101 33 14 156 31 202 183 118
M. Worthily.	12 66 17 144 27 169 94 51 137

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Fastenings which feature a movable piece falling into place.	4 193 24 22 63 36 71
O. One who cuts, polishes, engraves gems.	58 123 166 159 9 73 37 52
P. The other city of WORD G.	165 82 104 18 19 34 1 148 132 173 88
Q. Browning said that we shouldn't pry where the apple does this.	78 125 113 99 32 85 44
R. Fireworks which throw showers of sparks.	181 191 96 138 200
S. Omissions of words essential to grammatical constructions.	168 179 184 95 102 119 108 186
T. Any of certain birds of the Sittidae.	134 178 140 25 155 147 120 11
U. Last of the litter (2 wds.)	62 174 23 42 48 112 106
V. Was not possessed of (contraction).	39 49 16 149 30
W. A significant appellation.	122 75 163 38 107 197 150
X. In English slang, sing as a beggar; in U.S., a specialized cooking appliance.	93 170 109 192 126 204 130
Y. Despicable.	6 128 60 43 121 116 67 77
Z. *Hoisting apparatus.*	154 127 87 188 70 110
Z[1]. Most lithe and limber, in poetical language.	50 55 164 80 20 124 45 146 135

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 P	2 H	3 A	4 N	5 B		6 Y	7 H	8 A	9 O		10 C	11 T	12 M						
	13 J	14 L	15 E	16 V		17 M	18 P		19 P	20 Z[1]	21 H	22 N	23 U		24 N	25 T	26 C						
27 M		28 K	29 E		30 V	31 L	32 Q		33 L	34 P	35 F	36 N	37 O		38 W	39 V	40 E						
41 B		42 U	43 Y	44 Q	45 Z[1]		46 H	47 G	48 U	49 V	50 Z[1]	51 M	52 O		53 G	54 F	55 Z[1]						
56 B	57 E	58 O	59 J		60 Y	61 G	62 U	63 N		64 A	65 D	66 M	67 Y		68 K	69 C	70 Z						
	71 N	72 E	73 O	74 I	75 W	76 B	77 Y		78 Q	79 J	80 Z[1]	81 A	82 P	83 D		84 B	85 Q						
86 C		87 Z	88 P	89 I	90 J	91 K	92 H	93 X		94 M	95 S	96 R	97 I	98 K		99 Q	100 F						
101 L	102 S	103 G	104 P	105 E		106 U	107 W	108 S	109 X	110 Z		111 I	112 U	113 Q	114 J	115 F	116 Y						
117 B	118 L		119 S	120 T	121 Y	122 W	123 O	124Z[1]	125 Q	126 X		127 Z	128 Y	129 A	130 X	131 K	132 P						
133 B	134 T	135Z[1]	136 E	137 M		138 R	139 G	140 T		141 H	142 D	143 I		144 M	145 J	146 Z[1]	147 T						
148 P	149 V	150 W		151 A	152 C	153 G		154 Z	155 T	156 L	157 D		158 K	159 O	160 D	161 A							
162 F	163 W	164 Z[1]	165 P	166 O	167 C	168 S	169 M	170 X	171 K	172 I		173 P	174 U	175 J		176 C	177 I						
178 T	179 S	180 H		181 R	182 G	183 L	184 S	185 A		186 S	187 E	188 Z	189 C	190 F	191 R	192 X							
193 N	194 D	195 J		196 K	197 W	198 F	199 C		200 R	201 C	202 L	203 B	204 X										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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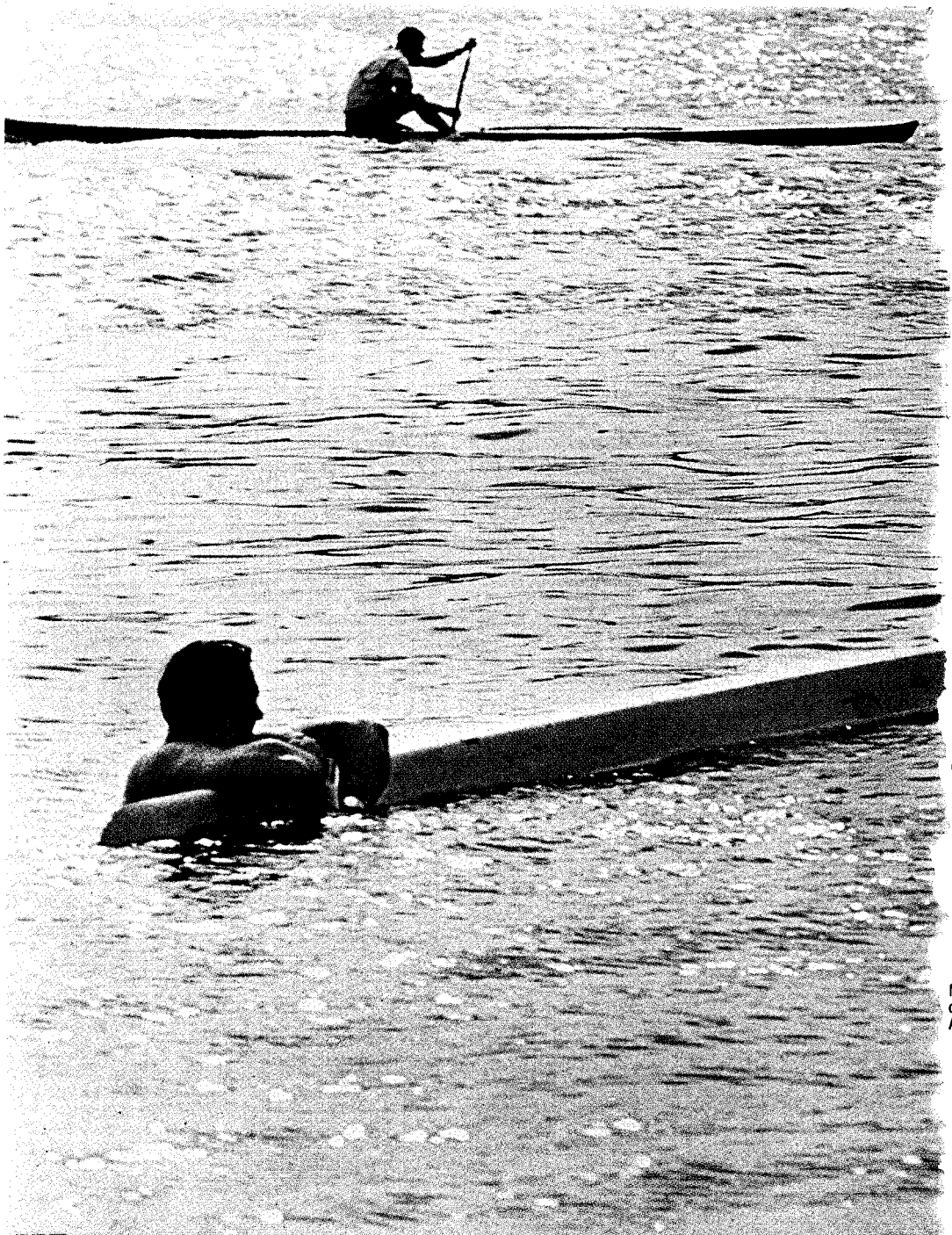
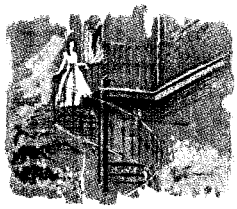


Blessing of the Fleet, Louisiana Shrimp Festival, Morgan City

Tournoi (exhibition of riding skill), Louisiana Cotton Festival, Ville Platte

Fais-dodo (an old-fashioned country dance), Louisiana Sugar Cane Festival, New Iberia



Magnificent old mansions come alive at Natchitoches Annual Historical Tour

Crowning of the Queen, Louisiana Yambilee, Opelousas

Where in the world can you see a pirogue race?

Only in the Louisiana Bayou Country. Each Spring in Lafitte, these swift and tricky Indian craft are raced to prove they're still as useful to fishermen and trappers as they were to smugglers 175 years ago. That's just one of the unusual Louisiana festivals you can enjoy—111 of them throughout the year. Fall is a great time to vacation here, when the weather is balmy and heady as wine. Besides . . . where can you dance at a "fais-dodo" (a "make lullaby") where cajun babies fall happily asleep while their *mamans* and *papas* enjoy country music and creole food? And where can you see a shrimp fleet blessed?

Enjoy such other typical Louisiana Fall-Winter Festivals as

- North Louisiana Cotton Festival, Bastrop
- Appaloosa Horse Show, Baton Rouge
- International Rice Festival, Crowley
- Festival of Beauties, Youngsville
- Jeff Davis Oil Exposition, Jennings
- St. Helena Forest Festival, Greensburg
- Mid-Winter Sports Carnival, New Orleans
- Tallulah Christmas Festival, Tallulah

Louisiana, that's where!

For further information about the festive world of Louisiana, write
Louisiana Tourist Development Commission
Dept. S 8-5, P. O. Box 4291, Capitol Station
Baton Rouge, La. 70804

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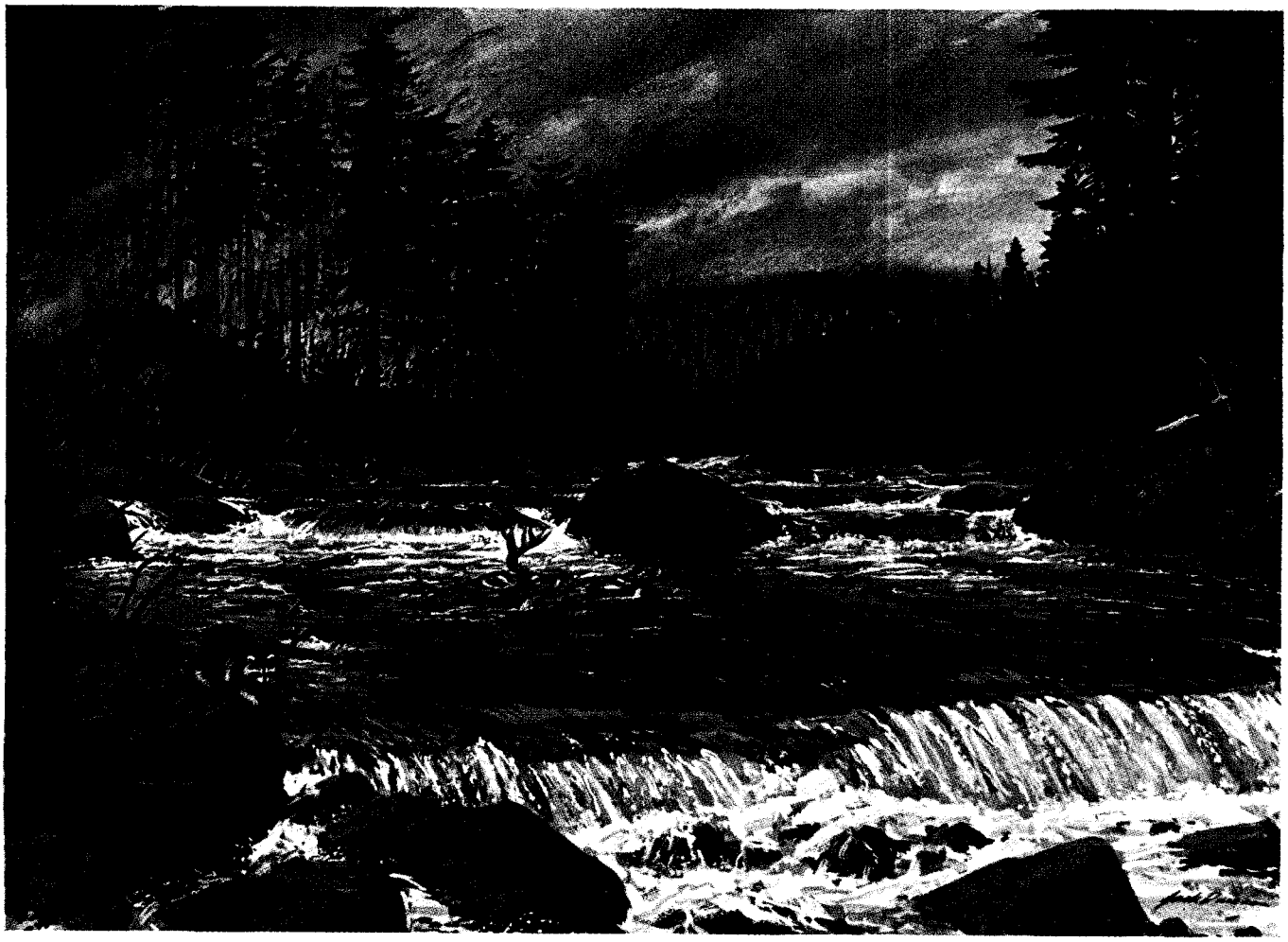

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Fire isn't the only way to destroy a forest

(Unwise taxes can do the same thing)

Nothing is more terrifying than fire in the woods.

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A camper's careless match or an awesome lightning bolt will always be threats to our green and growing forests. But they are risks today's 28 thousand tree farm owners are prepared to face.

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Excessive taxes could push total costs to a point where tree farmers would have to operate at a loss and reforestation would be impractical.

This could mean the end of growing timber as a crop on privately owned tree farms, endangering both our present and future wood supply.

The taxes paid by tree farmers today, while heavy, are generally realistic. Unless they are unwisely changed, you can count on tree farms to provide wildlife, recreation and an ever growing list of useful wood products forever.

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